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THE BEST CHRISTMAS BOOK



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Beckley-Cardy Company
CHICAGO



THE Best Christmas Book

RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES, EXERCISES,
PLAYS, DRILLS, ACTION PIECES,
TABLEAUX, PANTOMIMES, SONGS AND
MUSIC, FACTS

EDITED BY

JOSEPH C. SINDELAR, ed.

AUTHOR OF

Merry Christmas Entertainments
Nixie Bunny in Manners-Land
Nixie Bunny in Workaday-Land
Nixie Bunny in Holiday-Land
Nixie Bunny in Faraway-Lands
Morning Exercises for All the Year
Father Thrift and His Animal Friends
Best Memory Gems



BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

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J. C. S.

MADE IN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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The Best Christmas Book

RECITATIONS & QUOTATIONS

A CHRISTMAS SONG

SING a song of Christmas;
A stocking full of toys;
Such a lot of presents,
For all good girls and boys;
When the stocking's opened,
The presents you shall see—
Isn't that a merry time
For little ones like me?

A CHRISTMAS TELEPHONE

ALICE E. ALLEN

I WISH I had a telephone
With golden wires unfurl'd,
And long enough and strong enough
To reach around the world—
I'd ring up everybody
Along the line and say,
"A very Merry Christmas
To you this Christmas Day!"

THE TOYS HE DOESN'T LIKE

I HAVE no use for iron toys,
 Or linen books—can't bear 'em;
 They're aggravating things for boys,
 For I can't break or tear 'em.

LITTLE SPEECHES FOR LITTLE SPEAKERS

T. B. WEAVER

His Letter

I WROTE a neat little letter to jolly Saint Nick;
 Neither papa nor mamma could read it—that's true;
 I could read it right off, very easy and quick.
 I think I'm much smarter than they are; don't you?

What Santa Calls Him

WHEN Santa asked me for my name, down at the store, I
 said:
 "My papa calls me Sorrel-top because my hair is red;
 But grandpa calls me Skeezecks; my mamma calls me Joy;
 And grandma calls me Bub sometimes; I call myself a
 Boy."
 Then Santa smiled, took off my cap, and looked at me and
 said:
 "I understand it all, my boy, and I shall call you Red."

How Santa Claus Looks

THE Santa Claus Tom Brown once saw, he said was tall
 and slim;
 The one I saw down at the store didn't look at all like him;
 The one at our house Christmas-time looked just like any
 man;
 I can't explain just how this is—perhaps the big folks can.

When Santa Claus Comes

HAVE you seen dear Santa Claus anywhere to-day?
I should be so very glad if he'd come this way;
When I see him I shall say with a bow like this,¹
If you will my stocking fill you shall have a kiss.

HAVE you seen dear Santa Claus anywhere to-day?
I should be so very glad if he'd come this way;
When I see him I shall say with a smile like this,²
If you will my stocking fill you shall have a kiss.

HAVE you seen dear Santa Claus anywhere to-day?
I should be so very glad if he'd come this way;
When I see him I shall say with a hose like this,³
If you will my stocking fill you shall have a kiss.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

ALICE E. ALLEN

FOR three children or three groups of children, with greens, bells, and Christmas cards.

FIRST:

If we could have all the Christmas greens,
And into one wreath could string them;

SECOND:

If we could have all the Christmas bells,
And into one song could ring them;

THIRD:

If we could have all good wishes abroad
And into one word could bring them—

ALL:

Greens wouldn't be cheer enough,
Bells wouldn't be clear enough,
No word could be dear enough
To carry our GREETING to you!

¹ MAKES a pretty bow.

² MAKES a pretty smile.

³ HOLDS up a very large stocking which had been concealed until now.

WHEN WE SPEAK PIECES

ALICE E. ALLEN

A Stitch in Time

For little girl mending Dolly's stocking.

MY NEEDLE is threaded; I've put on my thimble,
It's almost her bed-time—so I must be nimble—
For Santa Claus surely would think it quite shocking
Should he find this hole in poor Dolly's stocking!

The Eyes of the Christmas Tree

MAYBE the candles
Dancing with glee
Are the twinkling eyes
Of the Christmas Tree.
And maybe it sees
As plain as can be
How happy it makes us—
You and me!

A Touch of Christmas

O LITTLE brown nest out there in the hedge,
Christmas has blessed even you from his store,
Though snowflakes have filled you quite up to the edge,
A bunch of bright berries hangs over your door.

Best of All

FROM out its wreaths so bright and big
There fell a shining holly sprig,
With cheery little rustling sound
One of my story-books it crown'd.
I looked to see which one it chose—
Now, which of all would *you* suppose?
There, in the dusk of Christmas dim,
It rested over TINY TIM.

—*Primary Education*

A CHRISTMAS SLEEPY-HEAD

“To BED, to bed,” said Sleepy-Head,
“Each night in all the year,
Except the wondrous Christmas eve;
’Tis then I’d like to hear
The patter of the reindeer hoofs;
The noise within the hall.
I wish to stay up all that night,
Nor go to bed at all!
But, no! they tuck me safely in
And take away the light—
And the very next thing that I see is
My stockings filled up tight!”

A CHRISTMAS WISH

So it happens every year—
Always has, as yet—
Such a lot of things we want,
And so few we get.
Always happens; always will;
Don’t know who’s to blame.
Wish you all a very merry
Christmas, just the same.

MY CHRISTMAS WISH

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

A BRIGHT and blessed Christmas Day,
With echoes of the angel’s song;
And peace that cannot pass away;
And holy gladness, calm and strong;
And sweet heart carols, flowing free!
This is my Christmas Wish to thee!

THE CHRISTMAS PINES

LOVELY, lovely, lovely pine trees,
All laden now with snow;
Old Santa Claus will need some helpers.
When the stormy north winds blow;
Oh, spread out your branches;
Come, sing now if you please;
Happy, happy times are coming,
And you will be Christmas trees.

A CHRISTMAS QUIZ

IN all the Santa Claus pictures
I've seen in my little day,
He's guiding across the snow-drifts
A reindeer before a sleigh.
And this is the thing about him
I'd really like to know:
Does he travel in a wagon
When there isn't any snow?

A CHRISTMAS STOCKING

THE funniest stocking that ever was made
Was woven up there in our elm-branches' shade;
They worked all day long while the blue sky was shining
Until it was done. Then they put in a lining,
And—what did the birds and their wee babies do
But live in that stocking the whole summer through!
Then flew off and left it, still swaying and rocking,
And waiting for Christmas, the oriole's stocking.
Now, if I were Santa, *I'd* know what they need,
I'd drive up and fill that long stocking with seed!

A CHRISTMAS SOUND

WHEN next the eve of Christmas
All rosily comes round,
Just listen, dear, and you will hear
The jolliest little sound;
The pit, pat, pit, pat, patter
Of feet so small and bare—
A whole quintillion hanging socks
For Santa everywhere.

JIMMIE'S LETTER TO SANTA

DEAR Santa Claus: If you could bring
A patent doll to dance and sing;
A five-pound box of caramels;
A set of reins with silver bells;
An elephant that roars and walks;
A Brownie droll that laughs and talks;
A humming top that I can spin;
A desk to keep my treasures in;
A boat or two that I can sail;
A dog to bark and wag his tail;
A pair of little bantam chicks;
A chest of tools, a box of tricks;
A scarlet suit of soldier togs;
A Noah's ark of cats and dogs;
A bicycle and silver watch;
A pound or two of butter-scotch;
A small toy farm with lots of trees;
A gun to load with beans and peas;
An organ and a music-box;
A double set of building-blocks—
If you will bring me these, I say,
Before the coming of the day,
I sort of think perhaps that I'd
Be pretty nearly satisfied.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART

IT IS Christmas in the mansion,
Yule-log fires and silken frocks;
It is Christmas in the cottage,
Mothers filling little socks;
It is Christmas on the highway,
In the thronging, busy mart;
But the dearest, truest Christmas
Is the Christmas in the heart.

THE TURKEY'S LAMENT

A MERRY Christmas, did you say?
I wonder how you'd feel
If you were going to be killed
To make a Christmas meal!

Why can't you eat nice fresh green grass?
Or feed upon some hay?
I'm sure it would be quite as good,
And more humane, I say.

The ducks and geese upon the farm
All quite agree with me;
And think it time to put a stop
To such barbarity.

We talked together late last night,
And think the wisest plan
Would be for us to take your place,
And just to kill a man.

And then perhaps you'd understand
A little how we feel,
And vegetarian diet choose,
To make your Christmas meal.

A CHRISTMAS JINGLE

SUSIE M. BEST

CLACK, click, clack;
It's Santa Claus and his great big pack!
Click, clack, click;
Oh, how awful if he should stick!
Skop, skip, skop;
What if he and his pack should drop!
Skip, skop, skip;
He must be black from toe to tip!
Clang, cling, clang;
Look, look, look, where the stockings hang!
Cling, clang, cling;
Hear the bells on his reindeer ring!
Ha, ho, ha;
We won't tell what it was we saw!
Ho, ha, ho;
We've found out and we know; we know!

A CHRISTMAS SECRET

CHRISTMAS is a time of secrets,
So I'll whisper one to you;
Grandpa says that all who try it
Find that every word is true:
"Would you have a happy day?
Give some happiness away."

Grandpa says this little secret
Should be carried through the year;
And if all would try to heed it
Earth would soon be full of cheer.
"Would you have a happy day?
Give some happiness away."

CHRISTMAS COMPANY

HARRIET WHITNEY SYMONDS

I'M TERRIBLE busy, I tell you, an' haven't a minute to play,
So, dollies, my dear little children, I'll just haf to tuck you
away

An' leave you to 'muse one another (I know you won't quar-
rel nor fight),

'Cause company's comin' for Christmas, an' mebbby the'll
get here to-night—

An auto-car cram-full of kinfolks, now what do yo think
about that?

We're all in gret splutteration, from Grampa clean down to
the cat.

The's bushels of cookin' to 'tend to; it's startin' in now—
you can tell

By the simmery sounds in the kitchen, an' sniffin's of nut-
meggy smell.

An' all Granny's crimpy tin cutters are set in a shiny-
bright row;

We're gonto cut flowers an' fishes an' birds out of ginger-
bread dough,

An' a fat cooky-bear for the baby—the one that we never
did see,

'Cause it's nearly bran-new, but they've named it Clarissy,
for Granny an' me.

The mince-meat's all chopped; I helped Granny to make it,
an' wasn't it fun!

I seeded the raisins an' currants, an' sampled it when it
was done,

An' children as true as you're livin', it tasted just like it
was made

Of clover an' honey an' peaches an' pansies that grow in
the shade.

My Uncle Josiah is fixing to go after cedar an' pine

Right now, an' I got to go with him an' hunt for some bit-
tersweet vine

An' holly with shiny red berries to hang on the mantel an'
wall,
For you know that to-morrow is Christmas, the loveliest
Birthday of all.
The house must be put into order, with everything spicky-
an'-span;
My aunties an' Huldy are sweepin' an' dustin' as fast as
they can;
So, dollies, be good little children, an' don't get to frettin'
for me;
You see, on the day before Christmas, how busy your
muvver must be!

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

SUSIE M. BEST

A CHRISTMAS tree for you I've brought,
On every branch you'll see
A loving wish, a kindly thought,
A prayer that you may be
As happy as the birds of May
Upon this gracious Christmas Day.

AROUND THE CHRISTMAS LAMP

J. L. MOLLOY

THE wind may shout as it likes without;
It may rage, but cannot harm us;
For a merrier din shall resound within,
And our Christmas cheer will warm us.
There is gladness to all at its ancient call,
While its ruddy fires are gleaming,
And from far and near, o'er landscape drear,
The Christmas light is streaming.

IF YOU'RE GOOD

SANTA CLAUS will come to-night,
If you're good,
And do what you know is right,
As you should.
Down the chimney he will creep,
Bringing you a woolly sheep,
And a doll that goes to sleep,
If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh
Through the wood,
But he'll come around this way,
If you're good,
With a wind-up bird that sings,
And a puzzle made of rings;
He will bring you cars that go,
If you're good

Jumping-jacks and funny things,
If you're good,
And a rocking-horse, Oh, oh!
If you're good.
And a dolly that can sneeze;
That says "Mamma!" when you squeeze;
He'll bring you one of these,
If you're good.

Santa grieves when you are bad,
As he should;
But it makes him very glad
When you're good;
He is wise and he's a dear;
Just do right and never fear;
He'll remember you each year,
If you're good.

SING A SONG OF CHRISTMAS

EDITH VIRGINIA BRADT

SING a song of Christmas,
Gladdest day of all;
O'er the hills and valleys
See the splendor fall.
Sing of gleaming holly;
Sing of mistletoe;
Sing a song of Christmas
Everywhere you go.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Holy, happy day;
Sing of Bethlehem's manger,
Where the Christ-Child lay.
Sing of love unbounded—
"Peace, goodwill to men."
Sing a song of Christmas
O'er and o'er again.

Sing a song of Christmas;
E'en on this glad day
There are griefs and heartaches
All along the way—
Hearts that wait the uplift
Of your note of cheer;
Sing a song of Christmas,
Strong and sweet and clear.

A CHRISTMAS WISH

A HAPPY, happy Christmas
Be yours to-day!
Oh, not the failing measure
Of fleeting earthly pleasure,
But Christmas joy abiding,
While years are swiftly gliding,
Be yours, I pray,
Through Him who gave us Christmas Day!

THE CHRISTMAS PEACE

TERESA BEATRICE O'HARA

BECAUSE a little Child was born
The earth is filled with peace;
Old wrongs, old sorrows are forgot
In suffering's sweet surcease.
Oh, men that strain for empty gain;
Oh, hearts with hatreds torn;
There is no room for strife to-day;
A little Child is born!

GIFTS FOR THE KING

THE wise may bring their learning;
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness;
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures,
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth nor learning;
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;
We'll bring Him thankful praise;
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways;
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King;
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

THE brightest tale of Christmas
The world will ever know
Was told one radiant morning,
Long ages, dears, ago.

The shades of night had fallen,
Just as they fell to-day;
But morning brought a sunshine
That never passed away.

For, in a lowly manger,
A wondrous life had birth;
A life so pure and gentle
It gladdened all the earth.

That life is our best sunshine,
In lessons, or in play;
'Tis well we should remember
The Child of Christmas Day.

SHOE OR STOCKING?

EDITH M. THOMAS

IN Holland, children set their shoes,
This night, outside the door;
These wooden shoes Knecht Clobes sees,
And fills them from his store.
But here we hang our stockings up
On handy hook, or nail;
And Santa Claus, when all is still,
Will plump them, without fail.

Speak out! you "Sobersides," speak out!
And let us hear your views;
Between a stocking and a shoe,
What do you see to choose?
One instant pauses Sobersides,
A little sigh to fetch—
"Well, seems to me, a stocking's best,
For wooden shoes won't stretch!"

A CHRISTMAS WISH

I'D LIKE a stocking made for a giant,
And a meeting-house full of toys;
Then I'd go out in a happy hunt
For poor little girls and boys;
Up the street and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find them every one,
Before the sun went down.

One would want a little jack-knife,
Sharp enough to cut;
One would long for a doll with hair,
And eyes that open and shut;
One would ask for a china set,
With dishes all to her mind;
One would wish a Noah's ark,
With beasts of every kind.

Some would like a doll's cook-stove,
And a little toy wash-tub;
Some would prefer a little drum
For a noisy rub-a-dub-dub;
Some would wish for a story-book,
And some for a set of blocks;
Some would be wild with happiness,
Over a nice tool-box.

And some would rather have little shoes,
And other things warm to wear;
For many children are very poor,
And the winter is hard to bear;
I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
And a thousand stockings or so;
And the jolliest little coats and cloaks,
To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels,
And candy of every kind;
And buy all the almonds and pecan nuts,
And taffy, that I could find;
And barrels and barrels of oranges,
I'd scatter right in the way,
So the children would find them the very first thing
When they woke on Christmas Day.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

OF all the trees that swing to the breeze,
From the mountains down to the sea,
Not one to-night gives such delight
As the beautiful Christmas tree.

Like apples of gold its fruit behold,
With promises for all;
On Christmas night they all are ripe,
And ready quite to fall.

We'll strip the fruit from top to root,
Till none thereon appear;
Then home we'll go, for more to grow
Before another year.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

UNLESS we remember the lowly,
Whose pleasures are few and small,
We deserve not to be included
In the Christmas joy at all.
For it was they whom the Christ-Child
Most lovingly sought to aid;
And he'll have the brightest Christmas,
Who has some sacrifice made!

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

COLORED popcorns on a string;
Canary birds which do not sing;
Little candles dribbling wax;
Bangles, spangles, jumping-jacks;
Jacks-in-boxes, rubber toys;
China cupids, mostly boys;
Fancy gewgaws, globes of glass;
Children's watches, made of brass;
Cheap tin horses, sheep and goats;
Paper dolls and wooden boats;
Lots of toys which go on wheels;
A ball which, when you squeeze it, squeals;
Tinsel tassels just for show;
A candy clock which doesn't go;

Rosy apples, gilded nuts;
A pocket-knife which never cuts;
Horns of plenty, full of candy;
Tooting horns for Bill and Andy;
A drum for Tom, for Sis a sled;
A dandy pair of skates for Fred;
A red necktie for dear old Dad—
The prettiest one he ever had;
A handkerchief for mamma, too;
And a sachet-bag for Sister Lou;
All these things and plenty more,
On the tree and on the floor.

A CHRISTMAS TRUTH

IN prickly green of Christmas wreaths
The holly berries glow;
The Christmas trees will sparkle soon.
With Christmas fruit bent low.
And here's a thought will help us all
At happy Christmas-tide:
The very best of pleasures are
The pleasures we divide.

CHRISTMAS JOYS

FRANK H. SWEET.

Ho! ho! thrice ho! for the mistletoe;
Ho! for the Christmas holly;
And ho! for the merry boys and girls,
Who make the day so jolly.
And ho! for the deep, new-fallen snow;
For the lace-work on each tree;
And ho! for the joyous Christmas bells,
That ring so merrily.

ST. NICK'S VISIT

UPON the housetop the reindeers pause;
Out jumps dear old Santa Claus;
Down through the chimney with loads of toys.
All for the children's Christmas joys.

First are the stockings of little Nell;
Ah! good Santa, fill them well;
Give her a dolly that laughs and cries;
One that will open and shut its eyes.

Next are the stockings of little Will;
O, isn't that a glorious fill!
A hammer, a gimlet, and lots of tacks;
A whistle, a whirligig, and a whip that cracks.

Papa and Mamma and Grandma, too;
All, I declare, have something new.
Even the baby enjoys his part—
Shaking a rattle-box; bless his heart.

Rover, come here, are you all alone?
Haven't they tossed you an extra bone?
Here's one to gladden your honest jaws—
Now, wag a "thank you" to Santa Claus.

A CHRISTMAS DIALOGUE

FIRST CHILD :

I WONDER why we make fine gifts
Each year at Christmas-time ;
Who first gave presents ? Can you tell ?
And in what year and clime ?

SECOND CHILD :

Yes, long ago, when Christ was born,
Three wise kings from afar
Came on their camels o'er the plains,
Led by a wondrous star.

They journeyed on to Bethlehem,
To where the young child lay ;
They laid their presents at his feet,
Then softly went away.

And since that time, so long ago,
We, like those kings of old,
Bring precious gifts to those we love,
More precious far than gold.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

PHOEBE CARY

Sweetly Christmas bells are ringing
Through the morning air ;
Peace and joy, good tidings bringing
Gladness everywhere.
For little children everywhere
A joyous season now we make ;
We bring our precious gifts to them
For the dear child Jesus' sake.

THE CHOICEST TREE

If desired, sixteen children may speak this, each reciting a line, and all joining in the last two.

THE apple is a great old tree, with boughs all loaded down;
The oak is fine as it can be, with acorns, ripe and brown;
The grand old cottonwood sends out its sailboats far and wide;

The elm has lovely, sweeping boughs that droop on every side;

The cherry give us ripe, red fruit; the robins love it, too;
There's no one loves the walnut tree as much as children do!
The tall catalpa sends its blooms, like snow upon the grass;
The hawthorn rains its scarlet fruit on all who chance to pass.

The maple spreads its branches far—all crimson in the fall;
The plum-tree ripens golden fruit, enough for one and all;
The butternut is bending down, if you but chance to look;
The willow spreads its feathery boughs to hide the woodland brook.

The pear-tree serves us each with fruit that's golden ripe and sweet;

The stout box-elder spreads its boughs to shade the busy street;

The hickory drops its nuts to make the children dance and shout.

The birches just like dainty maids sway prettily about.

But one tree is the best beloved by all the girls and boys,
And that's the candle-lighted tree that bears the Christmas toys.

WHEN SANTA CLAUS COMES

MERRILY, merrily, merrily, oh!
The reindeer prance across the snow;
We hear their tinkling silver bells,
Whose merry music softly tells
Old Santa Claus is coming.

Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh!
The evergreens in the woodland grow;
They rustle gently in the breeze;
Oh, don't you think the Christmas trees
Know Santa Claus is coming?

Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh!
We've hung our stockings in a row;
Into our beds we softly creep,
Just shut our eyes and go to sleep—
And wait—for Santa Claus is coming.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS TIME

LAILA MITCHELL

O, MERRY is the Christmas time,
With holly berries bright;
With festal board and treasures stored
In stockings soft and white.

And blessed is the Christmas time,
With music such as rang
A glorious strain o'er Bethlehem's plain,
When angel voices sang.

O, joyful is the Christmas time,
Each heart from grief beguiled;
But all the year hath Christmas cheer
For him that loves a child.

ALL HE WANTS

DON'T want much for Christmas;
Just some wooden blocks;
Dozen pounds o' candy
Done up in a box;
And a bag of marbles;
And a lot of books;

And a pole for fishing,
Lines, and several hooks;
Three or four small steamboats;
Ten or twenty cents;
And a small, toy farmyard
Surrounded by a fence;
One small bowling alley;
A suit of soldier clo'es;
Music-box, an organ;
Punch and Judy shows;
Bow and arrow; also,
Possibly, a gun;
And a putty-blower
Would be lots of fun;
Elephants and lions
That would walk and roar,
After being winded,
Up and down the floor.
These, and several others,
Hanging on the tree,
I've a sort of notion'd
Be enough for me.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

ONCE within a lowly stable,
Where the sheep and oxen lay,
A loving mother laid her baby,
In a manger filled with hay.
Mary was that mother dear,
And the Christ that baby fair.

God sent us this loving baby,
From His home in heaven above;
He came down to show all people
How to help and how to love.
This is why the angels bright,
Sang for joy on Christmas night.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

WE'VE met to celebrate Christmas,
The happiest day of all;
To sing of our blest Redeemer,
Born in a lowly stall.
Again we'll tell the story,
Of shepherds who watched by night;
Of the angel host whose glory
E'en dimmed the lone Star's light.

We've met to celebrate Christmas,
The birthday of our King;
For this is the time to be merry,
To joyfully speak and sing.
So, welcome, friends; we greet you,
Young, old, the great and small.
Next year we hope to meet you
Again in our festive hall.

DECEMBER

FRANK D. SHERMAN

DECEMBER's come, and with her brought
A world in whitest marble wrought;
The trees and fence and all the posts
Stand motionless and white as ghosts,
And all the paths we used to know
Are hidden in the drifts of snow .

December brings the longest night,
And cheats the day of half its light.
No songbird breaks the perfect hush;
No meadow-brook with liquid gush
Runs telling tales in babbling rhyme
Of liberty and summer time.

Breathe once upon the window glass,
And see the mimic mists that pass
Fantastic shapes that go and come
Forever silvery and dumb.

December Santa Claus shall bring,—
Of happy children, happy king—
Who with his sleigh and reindeer stops
At all good people's chimney tops.

Then let the holly red be hung,
And all the sweetest carols sung,
While we with joy remember them
The journeyers to Bethlehem
Who followed, trusting from afar
The guidance of that happy star
Which marked the spot where Christ was born
Long years ago, one Christmas morn.

GOD'S ONLY SON

ROSE TERRY

ON Christmas day, far, far away.
A little babe slumbering lay;
Starlight was shed upon His bed
And around His fair and lowly head.

The angels sung; the blue sky rung;
And all the earth looked bright and young;
'Twas God's own Son came down alone,
To make our little souls His own.

Dear Lord above, teach me thy love;
Make me Thy gentle, spotless dove—
To find my nest within thy breast,
And there in peace and safety rest.

WHAT THE STOCKING SAID

ALL day long we carry toes—
To-night we carry candy!
Christmas comes but once a year,
And then we are so handy!

Boots and little tired shoes—
We kick 'em off in glee—
It is fun to hang up here
And Santa Claus to see.

Christmas morning down we come—
The sweet things tumble out.
And then we carry toes again,
And have to trot about.

WHY?

LAST Christmas-time so many gifts I had—
Enough to make a score of children glad;
Not half so many gifts I have to-day—
A dozen presents I have given away;
I wonder who can make the puzzle clear—
I'm so much happier than I was last year.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN

ONLY a Song in the calm of the night
But the dreamer awakened in joy.
And shepherds in ecstasy knelt at the sight
Of angels borne down from the gateway of Light
To herald blest Bethlehem's Boy.

Only a Star on the face of the night
Where the feet of the faithful pressed on ;
But it lighted the dark of the on-rushing years,
It parted the mists of Earth's heartaches and fears,
As over Judea it shone.

Only a Cry in the heart of the night,
But the Mother-heart heard it, and thrilled ;
And Earth, at the sound of that faint infant voice,
Called out to the Moon and the Stars to rejoice,
For God's greatest pledge was fulfilled.

Only a Bell through the hush of the night,
But the feet of the hurrying cease.
The lover, the scorner, the grave, and the gay
Pause, harking the truths that the Christmas bells say,
And blessing their message of peace.

For the Song of the angels, the light of the Star,
The Voice of the incarnate Word,
Thrill ever and ever the tongues of the bells
Till each dawning Christmas the story compels,
Wherever their echo is heard.

—*Kindergarten Review*

CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART

LAURA HOOKER

WHAT is the thought of Christmas? Giving.
What is the hope of Christmas? Living.
What is the joy of Christmas? Love.
No silver or gold is needed for giving,
If the heart is filled with Christmas love,
For the hope of the world is kindly living,
Learned from the joy of God above.

NO STOCKINGS TO WEAR

A LITTLE boy in our street—I will not tell his name—
Goes barefoot, though a rich man's son; now isn't that a
shame?

He says he hasn't got a single stocking left to wear,
And yet, last week, his mother bought him half a dozen
pair.

And the silk ones grandma sent him for his best, that makes
two more,
And there were five or six, at least, that he had long before.

Then why does he go barefoot? you'll laugh, I know you
will;
He has hung up all his stockings for Santa Claus to fill.

THE CRIPPLED DOLLY

MARIE IRISH

RECITATION for a little girl dressed as an old dolly, with large dusting-cap which covers all her hair; a square of dark paper pasted over one eye; her left arm down at the side of her body inside of her dress and the sleeve on that side stuffed above the elbow and hanging limp; and the right foot bandaged with a strip of cloth. She walks slowly onto the stage, using a crutch under the right arm.

I'm a poor, sad Christmas dolly,
Battered and old, and forlorn;
You never would guess from my looks,
I was new just last Christmas morn.

One year ago I was handsome,
With bright eyes and beautiful curls,
Rosy cheeks, and silky lashes,
And teeth like little white pearls.

I never dreamed that my mistress
Who found me in her stocking,
Would neglect her lovely dolly
Till I reached a plight so shocking.

My beautiful curls are all gone,
And, alas, you would find instead,
If you should remove my big cap,
A great hole in the top of my head.

My mistress carelessly left me
On the lawn one hot summer's day.
And a dreadful shower came down,
Which washed all my color away.

One eye, you will notice, is gone;
Its loss I still sadly bemoan;
It was smashed way into my head
When I was dropped on a sharp stone.

And a foot I also have lost—
That's why with a crutch I must go;
It broke when I fell from the window
And struck on the pavement below.

And I should just like to ask you:
How you really think it would seem
To have your arm chewed by a dog
Till your sawdust ran out in a stream?

Now you girls who are hoping to get
A dolly on the Christmas tree,
I beg you do not neglect her
Till she's battered and crippled like me.

A GOOD BOY

MARIE IRISH

'Tis to the children who've been good—
At least so grown-up people say —
That Santa gives his finest presents,
And plenty of them Christmas Day.
I'm sure that I shall have so many
Nice gifts I won't know what to do,
Because I've been just awful good,
Honest I have, the whole year through—
[*Aside*] 'Cept when I slapped Bess or pulled her curls;
But boys can't always be nice to girls.

I've studied hard the whole long year;
Never played hookey when sent to school;
I have not whispered, at least not much,
Nor disobeyed the teacher's rule.
I've not made faces at cross Aunt Jane
When she would find fault with me and scold,
Indeed, I have been polite and kind,
And courteous to young and old—
[*Aside*] Though I thrashed Jim Barnes with hearty grace
Because he called me monkey-face.

I have jumped up mornings when ma called—
That is most always; I've brought in wood,
Chopped up the kindlings, carried water,
And washed my face as a neat boy should.
I have not thrown my coat and hat
Upon the floor as rude boys do;
I've not tracked dirt into the house,
Nor banged the doors as I passed through—
[*Aside*] I wish to goodness I had not gone
To ball-games when told to mow the lawn.

When told 'twas time for Sunday School
I did not stop to whine or pout;
In fact, I think I've been so good
My wings will soon begin to sprout.
So I am sure that Santa Claus
Will bring me presents by the score—

[*Aside*] I wonder if he has forgotten how
I broke Nell's doll, and the time I swore;
How I tied a can to Miss Ball's cat;
Or stole the cake from the pantry's store.
Come to think of it, I sadly fear
Santa won't bring me much this year.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

WHILE passing days are short and cold and drear;
While nights are long—the longest of the year;
While cruel winter solstice reigns supreme,
O'er earth and air, o'er field and wood and stream,
Glad Christmas comes with glowing heart of cheer—
The brightest, bravest day of all the year.

Once more o'er life's dark hills the shining star;
Once more the wise men bring their gifts from far;
Once more, amid our ceaseless toil and strife,
Begins for us anew the Christ-child life.
What matter, then, the shortness of the light?
What matter, then, the darkness of the night?

AS WE LOOK UP

GRACE E. CRAIG

THERE is sorrow; there is sadness
In the world this wintry eve;
There is fear and sin and weakness;
There are lonely hearts that grieve.
But above the heavy laden,
Gladdening their weary eyes,
Spread the splendid, shining reaches
Of the starry Christmas skies.

THE WAITS

MARGARET DELAND

At the break of Christmas Day,
Through the frosty starlight ringing,
Faint and sweet and far away,
Comes the sound of children singing,
Chanting, singing,
“Cease to mourn,
For Christ is born,
Peace and joy to all men bringing!”

Careless that the chill winds blow,
Growing stronger, sweeter, clearer,
Noiseless footfalls in the snow
Bring the happy voices nearer;
Hear them singing,
“Winter’s drear,
But Christ is here,
Mirth and gladness with Him bringing!”

“Merry Christmas!” hear them say,
As the East is growing lighter;
“May the joy of Christmas Day
Make your whole life gladder, brighter!”
Join their singing,
“To each home
Our Christ is come,
All Love’s treasures with Him bringing!”

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

ONCE a little baby lay,
Cradled in the fragrant hay,
Long ago on Christmas.
In the manger it was found,
And the white sheep stood around,
Long ago on Christmas.

Led on by the shining star,
Shepherds sought Him from afar,
Long ago on Christmas.
And the wise men came, they say,
All their loving gifts to pay,
Long ago on Christmas.

THE CHRISTMAS QUEST

ISABEL E. MACKAY

- “LITTLE lonely shepherd lad,
Wherefore dost thou weep?”
- “Sir, my father seeks a star;
I must watch the sheep.”
- “Very lonely is the plain,
Very high the star,
Pray thee, didst thou meet a lamb?
One hath wandered far.”
- “Nay, I met no wandering lamb,
Little shepherd lad;
Is it but the lonely plain
That doth make thee sad?”
- “Sir, my father and the rest
Heard a heavenly sound;
I heard nothing save the sheep
Bleating all around!”
- “Wondrous things they heard and saw,
Though the night was still;
I saw nothing save my lambs
White on yonder hill.”
- “Light was on my father’s face,
When he went away,
Fain I, too, had sought the star,
But he bade me stay.”

“ ‘This high thing is not for thee,
 Who art but a lad.’
 ‘That, in truth, good sir, is why
 I at heart am sad.’ ”

“Nay, thou little shepherd lad,”
 Sweet the stranger smiled,
 “When thy father finds the star,
 He will find—A Child!”

A CHRISTMAS WISH

CELIA THAXTER

THINE own wish wish I thee in every place—
 The Christmas joy, the song, the feast, the cheer.
 Thine be the light of love in every face
 That looks on thee to bless thy coming year.
 My own wish wish I thee—what dost thou crave?
 All thy dear hopes be thine, whate’er they be.
 A wish fulfilled may make thee king or slave;
 I wish thee wisdom’s eyes wherewith to see.

Behold, she stands and waits, the youthful Year!
 A breeze of morning breathes about her brows;
 She holds the storm and sunshine, bliss and fear,
 Blossoms and fruit upon the bending boughs,
 She brings thee gifts. What blessing wilt thou choose?
 Life’s crown of good in earth or Heaven above?
 The one immortal joy thou canst not lose
 Is love! Leave all the rest, and choose thou love.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

SARA TEASDALE

THE kings, they came from out the south,
 All dressed in ermine fine.
 ‘They bore Him gold and chrysophrase,
 And gifts of precious wine.

The shepherds came from out the south;
Their coats were brown and old;
They brought Him little new-born lambs—
They had not any gold.

The wise men came from out the east,
And they were wrapped in white;
The star that led them all the way,
Did glorify the night.

The angels came from Heaven high,
And they were clad with wings,
And lo! they brought a joyful song
The host of heaven sings.

The kings they knocked upon the door;
The shepherds entered in;
The wise men followed after them,
To hear the song begin.

The angels sang throughout the night,
Until the rising sun,
But little Jesus fell asleep
Before the song was done.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

LUCY LARCOM

OH, Christmas is coming again, you say,
And you long for the things he is bringing;
But the costliest gift may not gladden the day,
Nor help on the merry bells ringing.
Some getting is losing, you understand;
Some hoarding is far from saving.
What you hold in your hand may slip from your hand;
There is something better than having.
We are richer for what we give,
And only by giving we live.

Your last year's presents are scattered and gone,
You have almost forgot who gave them;
But the loving thoughts you bestow live on
As long as you choose to have them.
Love, love is your riches, though ever so poor;
No money can buy that treasure:
Yours always, from robber and rust secure,
Your own without stint or measure.
It is only love that we can give,
It is only by loving we live.

For Who is it smiles through the Christmas morn—
The Light of the wide creation?
A dear little Child in a stable born,
Whose love is the world's salvation.
He was poor on earth, but He gave us all
That can make our life worth living;
And happy the Christmas Day we call
That is spent for His sake in giving.
He shows us the way to live;
Like Him, let us love and give.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

CHRISTIAN BURKE

LONG ago angelic harpers sang the song we sing to-day,
And the drowsy folk of Bethlehem may have listened as
they lay!
But eager shepherds left their flocks, and o'er the desert
wild
The kingly sages journeyed to adore the Holy Child!

Has any man a quarrel?
Has another used you ill?
The friendly word you meant to say,
Is that unspoken still?
Then, remember, 'twas the Angels
Brought glad tidings of good-will.

Of all the gifts of Christmas, are you fain to win the best?
Lo! the Christ Child still is waiting Himself to be your
guest;

No lot so high or lowly, but He will take His part,
If you do but bid Him welcome to a clean and tender heart.

Are you sleeping; are you waking?
To the Manger haste away,
And you shall see a wondrous sight
Amid the straw and hay—
'Tis Love Himself Incarnate
As on this Christmas Day!

CHRISTMAS MORNING

JOAQUIN MILLER

THE bells ring clear as bugle note;
Sweet song is filling every throat;
'Tis welcome Christmas morning!
O, never yet was morn so fair;
Such silent music in the air;
'Tis merry Christmas morning!

Dear day of all days in the year;
Dear day of song, goodwill and cheer;
'Tis golden Christmas morning!
The hope, the faith, the love that is;
The peace, the holy promises;
'Tis glorious Christmas morning!

OUTSIDE

THE toyshop is a merry place
At any time of year;
But, oh, it's quite like fairyland
When Christmas Day is near.
The music-boxes tinkle,
And the trumpets add their noise;
And up and down and everywhere
Are toys and toys and toys.

The busy crowds that look and laugh
And hurry to and fro;
The dolls that walk; the dolls that talk;
The cars that truly go;
The tops that sing; the steeds that prance
For children to bestride —
How sad it seems that any child
Should need to stand outside!

In prickly green of Christmas wreaths
The holly berries glow;
The Christmas trees will sparkle soon,
With Christmas fruit bent low.
And here's a thought will help us all
At happy Christmas-tide;
The very best of pleasures
Are the pleasures we divide.

Wherever hearts are happy,
'Tis a simple thing to do,
To seek some other, sadder heart,
And make it happy, too.
The joy we share with others
Is a joy that's multiplied;
And 'twill make a perfect Christmas
If there's no one left outside.

THEN AND NOW

ADELAIDE PROCTOR

OH, to have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of the Lord shone bright;
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night!
To have kissed the tender, wayworn feet
Of the mother undefiled,
And with reverent wonder and deep delight
To have tended the Holy Child.

Hush! Such a glory was not for thee;
But that care may still be thine;
For are there not little ones still to aid,
For the sake of the Child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now
To thy heart and thy home to take?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Jesus' sake?

CHRISTMAS

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

As shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.
And, as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A luster pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.
O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

O, CHRISTMAS TREE

MARY BAILEY

O, CHRISTMAS tree! O, Christmas tree!
What will you bear this year for me?
Amid your candles' sparkling sheen,
Upon your spicy branches green,
Already your delights I see,
O, Christmas tree! O, Christmas tree!

O, Christmas tree! O, Christmas tree!
What shall your Christmas meaning be?
That all the world shall glow and shine,
With just such little lights as mine,
That warm to other hearts I'll be,
O, Christmas tree! O, Christmas tree!

O, Christmas tree! O, Christmas tree!
The fruits you bear shall mean to me,
That pleasant words and smiles shall fall
The whole year long, like gifts, to all
Of those I love and who love me,
O, Christmas tree! O, Christmas tree!

CHRISTMAS IN THE NORTH

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

FAR up in the Northern country,
Where the bitter storm-winds blow,
Till heaped on field and highway
Are the frozen drifts of snow;
In the dawn of merry Christmas,
Thatched roof and castle eaves,
Wall and turret and gateway
Laugh under nodding sheaves.
For he would be hard and thankless,
The churl whose heart and hand
Should be closed to the birds that linger
Like orphans in the land.
To lofty homes and lowly
They flock, a cheery train,
To scatter their songs of summer
O'er their feast of winter grain.
Within, the innocent children
Carol of Christmas Day,
And without, the little pensioners
Are busy and blithe as they.

CHRISTMAS JOY

CORA L. HAZARD

“Joy! Joy! Joy!” chime out the singing bells;
Up leaps the Yule log’s red-gold, laughing blaze.
Along with its incense floats away
Cold sordidness, despoiler of our days.

“Joy! Joy! Joy!” chime out the singing bells;
Before their magic scepter sadness disappears.
Thrice blessed is he whose soul may catch the chimes
And hold them singing in his heart throughout the years.

HURRAH FOR CHRISTMAS!

AIMEE CAREY

HURRAH for old Christmas,
For jolly old Christmas,
The monarch of merriment, fun and good cheer!
Let all the bells chiming
Ring out with a rhyming,
For Christmas, good Christmas, King Christmas is here!

O’er snow-piles, high drifted,
His throne is uplifted!
His mantle is pinned by the North Polar star,
And down the dim ages
Saints, sinners and sages
Cry, “Hail to King Christmas, who rules near and far!”

His brows wreathed with holly,
Fat, rosy and jolly,
He sways the proud scepter no monarch can boast,
O’er realms that are boundless
And depths that are soundless,
For he, mighty Christmas, alone rules the roast.

Then plump be the purses
Of all whom these verses
May reach, with their tidings of jolly good cheer,
Their presents be many,
Their fun best of any,
For Christmas comes once—only once—in a year.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

I WISH a Merry Christmas
To every home on earth;
May lowly cot, may palace hall
Re-echo genial mirth.
May children's laughter gayly ring,
And happy voices gladly sing
A fond and joyous welcoming
To merry, merry Christmas!

I pray a holy Christmas
May come to every heart;
A time of sweet tranquillity
From troublous care apart.
An hour for thoughts to soar above,
For hearts to realize the love
And grace divine, that, like a dove,
Brood o'er this holy Christmas.

God send a blessed Christmas
To every patient life;
A little wrestling from the toil,
A surcease of the strife.
May Faith breathe words of gentle cheer,
Hope point to roses blowing near,
And tender Love and friends sincere
Make this a blessed Christmas!

MERRY CHRISTMAS DAY

WHEN Christmas morning comes, they say,
The whole world knows it's Christmas Day.
The very cattle in the stalls
Kneel when the blessed midnight falls.
And all the night the heavens shine
With luster of a light divine.
Long ere the dawn the children leap
With "Merry Christmas" in their sleep,
And dream about the Christmas tree
Or rise, their stockings filled to see.
Swift are the hours of joy and cheer
Of loving friends and kindred dear,
Of gifts and bounties in the air,
Sped by the "Merry Christmas" prayer.
While through it all, so sweet and strong,
Is heard the holy angels' song:
"Glory be to God above,
On earth be peace and helpful love."

THE MAGIC MONTH

GELETT BURGESS

THIS is the magic month of all the year,
Holding the children's golden, precious day,
Of which, with eager eyes we hear them say:
"In three weeks—two weeks—one week—'twill be here!"
The sparkling windows of the shops appear
In fascinating, wonder-bright array;
With holly and with greens, the streets are gay;
The bustling town begins its Christmas cheer.
Now secret plots are whispered in the hall;
Mysterious parcels to the door are brought,
And busy hands are half-done gifts concealing;
The Eve is here, with merriment for all,
And Santa Claus, with merry marvels fraught,
Before the dawn across the roofs comes stealing.

KRIS KRINGLE

KRIS KRINGLE is coming;
Kris Kringle is coming;
Kris Kringle is coming to town!
He wears a big pack
On the top of his back,
And looks like a funny old clown.

Now wait just a minute,
I'll tell you what's in it;
Then won't your eyes sparkle with joy!
There's something with curls
For good little girls,
And something as nice for each boy.

There are flaxen-haired dollies
And all sorts of follies,
To please little folks Christmas Day;
There are gay horses prancing,
And Jumping-Jacks dancing,
And everything fitted for play.

From Kris Kringle's chin
Hangs a plenty of tin,—
Tin trumpets and watches and drums;
Noah's ark painted red;
A little doll's bed;
And soldiers with very big guns.

From out of his pockets
He'll take sugar lockets,
And candies, all red, white and blue;
And there will be kisses
For nice little misses,
And sweetmeats in plenty for you.

Oh, won't there be funning,
And laughing and running,
 When little folks peep in their hose,
And pull out the candy,
And everything handy,
 Stuffed full to the end of the toes!

Then hang up your stockings!
Oh, won't there be knockings
 When Kris Kringle enters the town!
He wears a big pack
On the top of his back,
 And looks like a funny old clown.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN Christmas comes,
The baby girl who scarce can speak,
The youth with bronzed and bearded cheek,
The aged bent with weight of years,
The sorrow-stricken spent with tears,
The poor, the rich, the grave, the gay,
Who fare along life's rugged way,
Are glad of heart when, in the sky,
The wondrous seraph wings sweep by,
 When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes,
The sailor on the seas afloat,
The traveler in lands remote,
The warrior by the camp-fire's light,
The courtier in the palace bright,
The student by the midnight lamp,
The miner deep in dust and damp,
Alike uplift, through riven skies,
The wondering look of glad surprise,
 When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes,
In field and street, in mart and farm,
The world takes on a lovelier charm;
Sweet-scented boughs of pine and fir
Are brought, like frankincense and myrrh,
To make our hallowed places meet
For hands that clasp and tones that greet,
While hearts, worth more than gold or gem,
Go forth to find their Bethlehem,
When Christmas comes.

CHRISTMAS DAY

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

OF all dear days is Christmas Day
The dearest and the best,
Still on its dawn the angels sing
Their songs of peace and rest.
And yet the blessed Christ-Child comes
And walks the shining way,
Which brings to simple earthly homes
Heaven's light on Christmas Day.

Then, deep in silent woods, the trees—
The hemlock, pine and fir—
Thrill to the chilly winter breeze,
And waft a breath of myrrh.
And far and near Kris Kringle's bells
Their airy music shake,
And dancing feet of boys and girls
A sweeter joyance make.

The Christ-Child came to Bethlehem,
To Mary's happy breast,
And found within her brooding arms
A warm, encircling nest.
And many a tiny, cherub child
In Mother's arms to-day
Smiles like the Christ, the undefiled,
On this dear Christmas Day.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE wide world round, what songs to-day
The little children sing?
O'er northern coast and southern bay,
Their cheery voices ring,
Till carol, carol sweeps along,
Through aisles of churchly gloom,
And voices of the worshipping throng
Re-echo through the room.

They carol of the little Child
Who came to earth to bless;
Whose presence hushed its passions wild;
Whose look is tenderness.
Whose star the hoary wise men led
O'er hill and vale to see
Soft sleeping, in a lowly shed,
The babe on Mary's knee.

Oh, little children, carol sweet,
From lips untouched of guile!
The very snowflakes kiss your feet;
The clouds before you smile.
Sing in the happy Christmas dawn;
Sing when the west is gray;
Bright shines the path you journey on,
This Merry Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS QUOTATIONS

LITTLE gifts are precious,
If a loving heart
Helps the busy fingers,
As they do their part.

AND we, though young and small,
Are thankful when we sing:
Good-will and peace to all,
Through Christ, our Savior King.

DIMMEST and brightest month am I;
My short days end, my lengthening days begin,
What matters more or less sun in the sky,
When all is sun within.

—*Rossetti*

CHILL December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

OPEN your eyes ere I am gone,
And hear my old, old story;
For I am the month that first looked down
On that beautiful Babe of glory.

THE frost is here!
And fuel is dear, and woods are sear,
And fires burn clear, and frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

—*Tennyson*

WE LIKE the spring with its fine fresh air;
We like the summer with flowers so fair;
We like the fruits we in autumn share,
And we like, too, old Winter's greeting.

KIND hearts are the gardens;
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the flowers;
Kind deeds are the fruits.

Now banish cares, let feuds depart,
No time is this to fret or fight;
Let peace, good-will possess each heart.
Ring "Merry Christmas" till "good-night."

OH, WHAT care we for wintry weather!
Inside 'tis warm and all are gay:
We'll feast and laugh and sing together,
Be glad and happy while we may.

So, NOW is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.

—*Wither*

THE bells chime merrily and clear
Upon the frosty, bracing air;
For Christmas Day once more is here,
To scatter blessings everywhere.

DARK and dull night, fly hence away,
And give the honor to this day
That sees December turned to May.

WHILE does the chilling winter's morn
Smell like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like to a mead new-shorne,
Thus on the sudden?—Come and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be.

—*Herrick*

WHAT though upon his hoary head
Have fallen many a winter's snow;
His wreath is still as green and red
As 'twas a thousand years ago.

GLAD Christmas comes, and every hearth
Makes room to give him welcome now;
E'en want will dry its tears in mirth,
And crown him with a holly bough.

—*John Clare*

CHEERFUL looks and words are very
Sure to make the Christmas merry.
Tongues that speak the truth sincere,
Hearts that hold each other dear—
These will make a happy year.

THEN wherefore in these merry days
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller.
And, whilst we thus inspired, sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring;
Let woods and hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry. —*Wither*

COME, Christmas, with thy message dear
And all thy gentle mirth,
To teach that love shall cast out fear
And peace shall reign on earth.
—*Edwin S. Martin*

OH, TELL the sweet story again and again,
Of peace upon earth and good-will among men;
And let our lives prove that its meaning we know,
While love's happy sunshine around us we throw.
—*E. E. Hewitt*

LITTLE wishes on white wings,
Little gifts—such tiny things—
Just one little heart that sings—
Make a Merry Christmas.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning,
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry. —*Old Song*

CHRISTMAS CHEER

MAY every greeting be fulfilled
That you shall hear this Christmas morn,
Your hours be beams of joy distilled,
Your life a rose without a thorn.

THINE be all the Christmas joys!
May songs of music sweet,
Ring in thine heart
As all the glad, swift hours
Pass by on rapid feet.

JUST the old-time Christmas greeting,
Just the same great wish I send;
Just the same old message, speaking
Love that loves unto the end.

MAY Christmas bring you peace and happiness,
Golden hopes and love of friends
And every joy this world can send.

CHRISTMAS DAY is here once more,
Take with this from me,
Just the wish oft heard before;
Happy may yours be,
And the year add to your store
Of prosperity.

MAY all your troubles pass away
On this bright, joyous Christmas Day;
And, throughout all the coming year
May God's kind cheer be ever near.

MIRTH and laughter, song and jest
Speed the merry, fleeting hours
Of good gifts, be yours the best,
Glad as sunshine, bright as flowers.

—*Fannie Goddard*

A HEALTH to brave old Santa Claus
And to his reindeer bold,
Whose hoofs are shod with eider-down,
Whose horns are tipped with gold.

RING, ring the bells!
Many a good old song, many a glad refrain;
Many a genial hour of mirth may we enjoy again.

WHAT shall I choose for your Christmas?
All fair sweet things I would send—
The gifts of peace and of happiness,
And love from the heart of a friend.

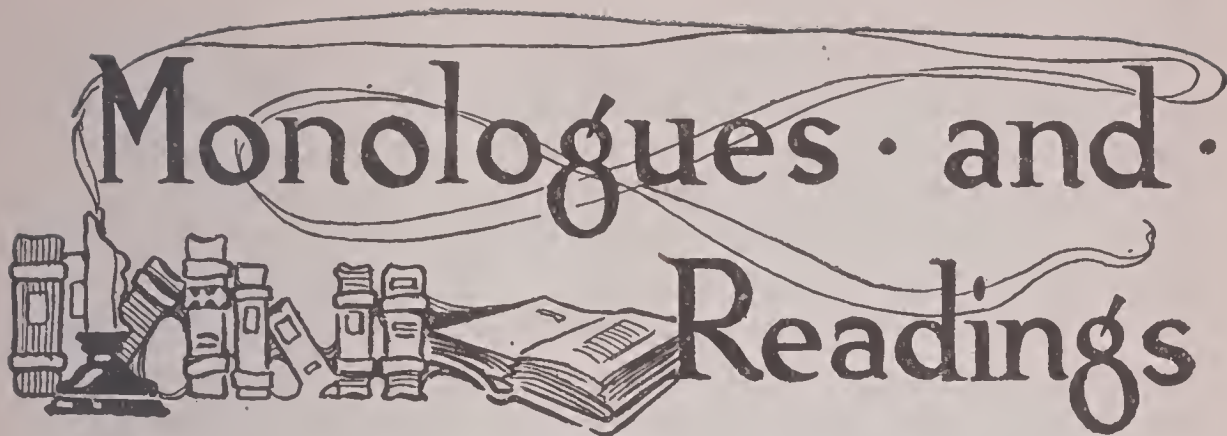
CHRISTMAS! the very name invokes
A host of wishes true,
That on the wings of happy thought
With joy I send to you.

—*E. A. L. Knight*

ON THIS your Christmas may you share
Blessings rich and blessings rare;
These holly berries bright and sweet
To you love's message will repeat.

THE air resounds with chant and chime—
The season that we love is here—
May Christmas prove a happy time,
And usher in a bright New Year.

THE pleasures that will cheer,
The memories that endear
Each passing hour be yours, old friend, to-day;
With all you need of wealth,
And the bliss of perfect health,—
What dearer things can friendship hope, or say?
—*Evelyn Neville*

A decorative illustration at the top of the page features a stack of books on the left, with a small lamp resting on top of them. To the right of the books is an open book. The entire illustration is framed by elegant, flowing lines that arch over the title.

Monologues · and · Readings

MAKING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

MARIE IRISH

TO BE given by young lady who sews as she talks.

DEAR ME, I am so dreadfully busy—yes, of course, I'm making Christmas presents—everyone is at this time of the year. I often wish that Christmas came in the middle of the summer, because it seems as if there would be more time, then, to make presents—at least it doesn't seem as if we are quite so busy in summer, though it does take lots of time just to keep comfortable. Yes, Christmas is a lovely day and it is so interesting to get presents, if it is a trial to know what to do with half of them. Of course, I like to give presents, but I do get tired of making them. What? You think it is cheaper to buy them than to make them? Well, really, I notice that when I buy things ready to give they cost more than if I had made them, but when I buy materials and make gifts they count up to more than if I had bought something ready-made. It is quite perplexing to decide which to do, and it is terrifying the way presents cost.

Yes, I'm making a lot of gifts this year. I don't see how in the world I'll ever get them all finished. I'm crocheting some Irish lace for Aunt Mary; making a beautiful bag for Evelyn, and an apron for mother, to say nothing of the breakfast-cap for Eleanor and a lunch cloth for

father. What? A lunch cloth is a queer gift for him? Well, you see, it has such a lot of lovely work on it that I'm just crazy to keep it for myself, and dear father won't mind if I take it back after a while. I expect to be almost dead by the time I get all these things done—and my folks don't appreciate my work, either. Why, last night it was my turn to get supper and just because I had a picked-up meal—there really wasn't very much to eat—so that I might have more time to embroider, you should have heard how they treated me. Father said it was more important to keep folks from starving than it was to make foolish things that people didn't know what to do with; and brother Tom said when he got up from the table that he was hungry enough to eat the cushion I had been making. They were just *mean*! Father even grumbled because I said I hadn't time to mend his coat—when I was trying so hard to finish Tom's necktie. You just ought to see what a lovely silk tie I have embroidered for Tom. It matches my hair perfectly and looks so nice on me that I'm going to wear it for a band around my head, with an ornament to fasten it at the side. Really, it looks grand, and no one would dream it is a necktie. Oh, no, Tom won't mind; he will never notice that I have it on.

I bought the sweetest little dish to give one of my teachers. It is just *too* dear. Why, really, I don't know what it is for, but I guess she can find some use for it; at least it is awfully sweet, even if she doesn't know what its mission in life was meant to be. You know there are lots of people who never find the work they were intended for in the world.

Dear me, I shall be glad when I get my presents made, because it costs so much for candy. Chocolate creams are dreadfully expensive. Oh, no, I'm not buying them to give for presents: I get them to eat. You know it is lots easier to make my gifts if I have some candy to nibble on while I am working. Really, the candy helps a whole lot—sort of sweetens the monotony of labor, as it were.

Isn't it hard sometimes to know how to have the things you are making turn out—or turn into, I mean? I hardly

know whether to give Cousin Eunice a doilie, or whether to put ribbons on it and call it an apron. I have started the sweetest thing for Mabel Harrison, but I can't decide whether to let it be a breakfast-cap, or to make a fancy bag of it—though it is too dear for anything.

Oh, hum, I suppose I *must* go and practice my music lesson, or that cross Miss Barnes will take my head off. Last time she scolded me because I had neglected my practice and didn't have the least sympathy for me because I'm working myself into my grave getting Christmas presents finished. I'm sure I wish it were true—as I used to believe when a child—that old Santa Claus made all the presents in his factories up there in the shade of the North Pole. He wouldn't look as smiling as his pictures show if he had to do all my embroidering. Well, Christmas is an awfully merry time and I'd love it if presents weren't such a bother and cost so *frightfully*!

EASY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

MARIE IRISH

To BE recited by a young man.

TIME is passing—the festive day draws on apace and I must, yes, I really *must* decide what Christmas presents to give my various relations and friends. I believe in going at the matter systematically, making a list of those I wish to remember and then deciding what to give each one, so that when I sally forth to do my shopping it will be a simple matter. These people who dilly-dally around, not knowing what to buy and at the last minute taking this and that, hit-and-miss, make me tired.

Now I shall be businesslike and have the whole thing off my hands in short order. Folks who make such a fuss about Christmas shopping being a dreadful bug-bear don't know what they are talking about. First, I will make out my list of those I want to give presents. [*Takes notebook and pencil from his pocket. The list of names should*

be already written in the book and he merely pretends to write them as he speaks.] Let me see: Grandmother, Pa and Ma, Sister Ella, Toots and Jasper, and—er—Aunt Mary, Aunt Charlotte, Cousin Jennie, Cousin Tom, Marie, Cousin Wilbur, and—er—Jack Dale, [*pause*] and—Lois Harvey— [*pause*] and—oh, yes, Grace Adams. I must not forget her; she's a peach, Grace is. I guess that is all. [*Looks over the list.*] Oh! why I forgot Uncle Henry and Uncle Joe; can't leave them out. [*Writes.*] I believe my list is complete. [*Looks it over again.*] Gee! I left out Cousin Hester; she always gives me a dandy present. [*Writes.*] And [*thinks*] I forgot Chub Haley—wouldn't slight him for anything.

Now I shall decide what to give each one; that won't take long. I've got to hurry because I am going to take Grace Adams to the game, and I must not be late. [*Looks at list.*] Grandmother first. Let me see—what shall I get grandma? It must be something appropriate for an old lady—a—hum—er—now what is nice for an old lady? I might get her a—a—well, I'll be blessed if I can think what to get her. I guess I'll buy her a—a—now I wonder what she would like. I think I'll get her a—oh, yes, I know! A handkerchief! That will be just the thing; everyone likes lots of handkerchiefs; they're so—so handy to have.

And now what shall I give father? I think he will like a—a—perhaps a book. No; he never reads anything but the papers. He might like a—a—hang it, how do I know what he'd like? I—oh, sure, I'll get him some collars; they're useful. I don't know his size, but I can get some that fit me—that's just the thing! For mother I shall buy a—a— [*Walks the floor.*] Funny I can't think of what she would like. I wonder how she would fancy a—a—say, I know what I shall get for Grace Adams: a nice calendar, a beautiful one, that she may remember her dates with me; just the thing! [*Writes in book.*] Now—oh, yes, I must decide on something for mother. I guess I'll give her a—a—handkerchief. No; I have it! I'll get her a dish—the cook is always smashing them. I don't know what she

needs, but it won't matter as long as I get a dish—a dish is a dish and one is as good as another. [*Writes.*]

I'll decide on Aunt Mary next; she's all right; awful good woman, if she is sort of homely. What can I get her? A book? No; her eyes are so poor she doesn't read much. She has lots of dishes; in fact, she has most everything a person can think of. [*Looks at watch.*] Gee! but time is passing! I've got to get through with this in a hurry or I'll be late for the game. Why, this is the worst job I've struck since—since I used to have to weed the onion bed. I guess I'll get Aunt Mary a—a—[*sudden inspiration*—a handkerchief! I'll get a real nice one. I'll get one that is too nice to be useful and she'll be awful tickled with it. [*Writes.*]

Now what shall I get for Cousin Jennie? She is a stunner, Jennie is, and I want to give her something nice. I wonder how—well, one of these fancy things women wear on their necks would suit her? Just the idea! One thing: I shall not get her a—handkerchief! Yes, one of those fancy collars, or whatever they call 'em; that is what I'll get. Shall I get pink or blue—blue or pink? [*Walks floor.*] Her eyes are—are they black or blue?—let me see; I think they are either black or blue; now shall I get a pink or a blue collar—a pink—[*Tears hair*—or a—blue? Yes, it shall be pink and blue! Heavens, I must fly—pink or blue—blue or—pink! [*Dashes out.*]

MISS PRIM'S CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

MARIE IRISH

FOR a girl dressed as an old maid. Carries large hand-bag containing note-book, camphor, handkerchief, etc.

GOOD-MORNIN', Mr. Blake. Yes, it's a real nice day—if the wind wasn't quite so strong, an' it was a little mite warmer, an' the sun would shine out some so's it wouldn't look so kind of stormy. But I allus take the weather as it comes—seein' I can't change it. Yes, I'm out to do some

Christmas shoppin'. Have you got in some nice things fer presents? [*Looks around room and up and down shelves, etc.*] Last year I told my cousin, Betsey Haskins, she that lives over to Loontown, in that big stone house—they're real 'fraid she's goin' into consumption, too—that's got that big cupola on it—that I thought you had a real poor stock of Christmas things for a store like this. Yes, I want to buy quite a considerable many presents because I allus plan to give a few more'n I git, long as the Good Book says it's more blessed to give than to receive. La, yes, last year I got a lot of presents. I kep' 'em on the center table in the best room fer most a month so's folks could see 'em—an' there was most a table full.

I'd like to see some neckties, please. Dear me; not those lace ones fer wimmin; I want one fer a—a—man! [*Giggles.*] What color? Wal, I guess a red one with quite a lot of green in it—an' mebbe a little bright blue; seems like that'd look real nice with his sandy complexion—if he is cross-eyed. Land sakes! How'd you ever guess it's fer Lem Harwood? [*Giggles.*] Now don't you tell nobody—not that I care, 'cause ev'rybody knows he's awful daffy 'bout me. But that's all the good it'll do him. I'm jest givin' him a present to pay back fer that lovely cup an' saucer he give me last year. It had such lovely red roses on it I could most smell 'em while I drank my tea. No, I guess I don't want any of these neckties. They're so sort of dull-lookin'. I think Christmas presents oughter be real bright an' cheerful, so's to make folks feel merry. Mebbe I can find a bright one over to Jackson's store—one with some purple in it.

I want to look at a cage for William. I want a good one that'll be quite lastin'. What do I want to cage 'im for? Why, so's he won't git away, of course. What? You don't keep cages for men? Land sakes, who said you did? I ain't askin' fer a cage for a man. I guess I could keep a man without cagin' 'im. You'd think so if you knew how many have wanted me! You thought I wanted a cage to catch William Bates? [*Giggles.*] The idee! Why, I wouldn't look at *him*. [*Giggles.*] I want a cage fer Wil-

liam, my pet canary. Ain't you got any trimmed with gold? I think the gold will match awful nice with his yellow feathers. La, yes, I allus git 'im a Christmas present. You needn't make fun of William; he's easier to manage than a man, 'cause when he gits too noisy I jest put 'im in the dark an' he keeps still.

Oh, let me look at that vase, won't you? That's real pretty. How much is it? Seventy-five cents? Hum! that ain't very much to pay fer a present fer your own sister! No, I don't want to buy it. I jest wanted to know how much it cost. Miss Billings got one fer her sister an' I wanted to know what she paid. Say, that's an awful nice dish. Let me see that, will you? What's it fer? What! you don't know? The idee, not to know what it's fer! I might buy it fer my niece over to Craneville, 'cause she is so smart she could think up what to use it fer without bein' told. How much is it? Fifty cents? What? You'll let me have it fer forty-nine cents? Wal, I'll take that. I allus did injoy gettin' bargains.

How-de-do, Miss Graves. [*Makes as if shaking hands.*] Yes, I'm doin' some Christmas shoppin'. I'm real well—young folks most généralement are, you know. You've heard that it's more blessed to give than to receive an' I jest would like to give this cold that I received las' night to somebody else—I'd feel more blessed. [*Uses handkerchief vigorously.*] What? I must a been out walkin' with a feller? The idee! [*Giggles.*] Oh, yes, I think I'll hang up my stockin'. I think it's nice fer young folks to do so. If you'll believe it, a man told me he'd like to be hung up in a big stockin' fer my Christmas present. [*Giggles.*] But I don't want 'im—I ain't lookin' fer a widower with four little cyclones to drive me crazy. Why, how'd you know it was Lorenzo Watkins? I never said it was. [*Giggles.*]

Oh, Mr. Blake, I want to look at some collars. No, of course, not for a man! What? You thought I wanted a collar to go with that necktie for Lem Harwood? Oh, land sakes! [*Giggles.*] I don't know what to do with such a jollier as you are. [*Smells of camphor bottle as she*

giggles.] I want a dog collar for my little Towser—he must have a Christmas present. You ain't got any? Mebbe. I can git one over to Johnson Bros. Wal, I *must* go. I'll come in again. No, of course, I ain't goin' 'cause Lorenzo Watkins jest went past. [*Giggles as she hurries out.*]

SANTA CLAUS'S ASSISTANT

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

It was not long after midnight. The wee small hours of Christmas day were just beginning to arrive, and down in the library, where the tree was sheltering a profuse array of toys, stood an unexpected guest. He was ill clad, unshaven, and his hair looked as though it had never known a comb. In his right hand he carried a dark-lantern, and slung over his left arm was a sack, a common jute bag. and he had entered by the window that looked out upon the street. The family had all retired, and for the most part were asleep. That is why the unexpected guest chose this time to arrive.

Stealthily he crossed the room, and drawing the portieres silently across the broad doorway that opened into the hall he slid back the front of his lantern, and, lighting a match in its flame, he turned on the gas and lit it, so that he might better see the exact character of his surroundings.

"Humph!" he said, as he observed the tree. "Quite a fine layout. I don't know but what, after all, it's a good thing that parents give their children expensive things these days. It's a great help to our profession. You can't raise much money on candy balls and tuppenny dolls, but these silver-plated engines and purses with ten-dollar bills in 'em come in handy. Gold sleeve-buttons, too, an' a gold watch as well. This is luck."

And then, as he bent over the groups of toys and presents of a more expensive nature intended for Bobbie, his eye glittering with joy at the prospective value of his haul, the heart of the unexpected guest stopped beating for an instant. There was a rustling sound behind him.

With a quick movement he slid the cover of the dark-lantern to, by mere force of habit; but it was unavailing; the room was still lighted, though dimly.

"Curse the gas!" he muttered, as he turned.

"Hullo!" said a soft little voice from behind the portieres, and at the same moment the curtains were parted, and there stood Bobbie, clad in his night-gown. "Is that you, Santa Claus?" he added, peering curiously at the unexpected guest. The man gave a short laugh.

"That's the first time I've been taken for anyone that's half decent," he said to himself; and then he answered, in a whisper loud enough for Bobbie to hear:

"Well, not exactly, sonny. I'm only his assistant."

"His what?" said Bobbie.

"Sh! Not so loud, my boy—you'll wake the family; and if you did that, I'd just vanish like the mist," said the man. "I said I was only Santa Claus's assistant. You see, my lad, there's so many more children nowadays than there used to be that the boss had to get outside help Christmas eve, or he'd never be able to finish up his work in time. So he sends for me an' a few others like me—Heaven help us—and we do his distributing for him. I'd just laid these things out here when you surprised me."

Bobbie approached the tree.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful!" he cried. "All these things for me! A watch, too—just the very thing I wanted."

The man drew back as the boy spoke and, with a queer light in his eye, sat down on one of the chairs suddenly.

"Are you tired?" asked Bobbie, leaving the tree and crossing to Santa Claus's assistant.

"Yes," said the man. "Very."

"I am sorry," said Bobbie, affectionately, as he took the other's hand in his and kissed it.

"Don't—don't do that," said the man, huskily. "It's not—not clean."

"I shouldn't think it would be," laughed Bobbie; "climbing in by sooty chimneys can't be very clean work. Do you know, I always wonder why there's never any soot left on the toys."

"Oh, we take care of that," said the assistant. "You see this bag keeps the soot off. But I didn't come by the chimney this time," he added, hastily, observing that there was no soot on the bag either. "I thought the window easier."

"You're all through, aren't you?" said Bobbie.

"How do you know that?" asked the man.

"Your bag is empty. Isn't there anyone else for you to take a toy to?"

The unexpected guest buried his face in his hands, and a great lump rose up in his throat.

"There was one other," said the assistant, "but there's nothing for him—and—and it's all my fault. I neglected to look after him."

"And won't he get anything?" asked Bobbie.

"No," said the assistant, roughly, rising and taking a step toward the tree.

"He can have one of mine," cried Bobbie. "Here, take him this. I've got plenty, thanks to you." He handed him one of the treasures beneath the tree. The unexpected guest looked at the boy for a minute, and then he slowly reached out his hand and took the proffered toy.

"I'll see that he gets it," he said, "and God will bless you for it! Good-by, little one. I must be off, or he'll wake up and be disappointed."

He moved toward the door, when Bobbie ran after him, and holding up his little face, said: "Won't you take a kiss for Santa Claus for me?"

"That I will," said the other, and he bent over, and kissing the child, fled precipitately out through the window, and disappeared in the darkness of the street.

"Well," said the unexpected guest the following morning, as he watched his own pallid-faced little youngster playing with the first Christmas present he'd ever known, "that was the rummiest thing. I went out to steal, and the only thing I bagged (that was really given to me) was a kiss, and I'll see Santa Claus in hades before I give him that. It was a rich haul, but I think I'll get a decenter job—at New Year's."

—*Harper's Magazine*

Dialogues, Exercises & Plays



A CHRISTMAS LESSON

MARIE IRISH

FOR SIX GIRLS AND FIVE BOYS OF THE PRIMARY GRADES

CHARACTERS

MR. BROWN; MRS. BROWN; their children, TOM and NELLIE; the FAIRY; PLUM PUDDING; two CHRISTMAS CANDIES; CHRISTMAS WREATH; CHRISTMAS STOCKING; and CHRISTMAS HEART.

COSTUMES

MR. and MRS. BROWN: Dressed as adults, plain clothes.

TOM and NELLIE: Small children, ordinary clothing.

FAIRY: White dress, white stockings; hair flowing; gilt paper band about forehead; carries wand.

PLUM PUDDING: Boy with dark stockings and a sack cut from tan-colored cloth, which gathers just below his knees and at the top of the head, being stuffed out with paper and soft cloth to make it round like a pudding. Holes are cut over the face for eyes, nose and mouth.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES: Two girls with white cloth masks over faces, each wrapped in a sheet from feet to top of head, so as to be as small as possible and straight up and down. One has a strip of red cloth wound around in a spiral for a stripe, while the other has bright blue.

CHRISTMAS WREATH: A girl with dark dress, wearing a wreath of firm pasteboard covered with evergreen, large enough to reach from top of her head to bottom of her dress. She holds it at each side with hands.

HEART: A boy with a large pasteboard heart covered with bright red paper or cloth, which he holds in front of his face like a shield.

STOCKING: A boy with a long stocking cut from stiff paper or pasteboard and covered with bright paper or cloth, which he holds in front of body like a shield.

SCENE

A PLAIN living room, several chairs, and at center of back, a small table.

Discovered, MR. and MRS. BROWN and CHILDREN

MRS. BROWN: Well, John, it is Christmas time, again.

MR. BROWN: Yes, so it is. Well, I guess we won't keep Christmas this year—it is all foolishness.

MRS. BROWN: Just as you say, John. I do not see why Christmas is better than any other day. There is no need to fuss.

MR. BROWN: Of course not. This talk of loving, and giving, and goodwill among men is all nonsense. I do not believe in Christmas.

TOM: What! Not have any Christmas? That will be horrid.

NELLIE: Of course, it will. I want to have Christmas and hang up my stocking.

TOM: Why, Christmas is the best day of the year.

NELLIE: Everyone says Christmas is splendid. I want to have a nice Christmas.

MRS. BROWN: No; we won't have any this year.

MR. BROWN: We will spend the day working.

TOM and NELLIE: We want Christmas. [*Begin to cry.*]

MR. BROWN: You children go right to bed. [*Exeunt TOM and NELLIE.*]

MRS. BROWN: Now, we can read our papers. [*They read.*]

Enter FAIRY

FAIRY [*aside*]: I am a Christmas fairy and it surely makes me tired to hear these silly people say there is no need of keeping Christmas. The idea! People have been keeping Christmas for hundreds of years and enjoy it just as well as ever. I shall have to teach these folks a lesson. I can't have their little children deprived of the pleasure of Christmas. [*Waves wand.*] Tim-o-ree, lim-o-ree, san, ban, see; tim-o-ree, lim-o-ree, nil, sil, mee. [*MR. and MRS. BROWN fall asleep.*] Now I'll send some visitors. [*Exit.*]

Enter CHRISTMAS WREATH

CHRISTMAS WREATH: I am the wreath of Christmas green. Well do these people remember me, for I have hung upon their wall at Christmas time for many years. [*To MR. BROWN:*] Your mother, sir, never passed a Christmas without the wreath of green, and you are indeed green to think I am useless. But, this year, you will need me, for you are to spend the day working. You do not deserve a wreath as big as a thimble. [*Stands against wall at back of room.*]

Enter CHRISTMAS STOCKING

CHRISTMAS STOCKING: So you folks are not going to keep Christmas. Well, well! Perhaps you don't remember how you used to jump up early Christmas morning to see what was in your stocking. Why, it is over thirty years since your parents hung up your first Christmas stockings, and now you think it is foolish. Why, a Christmas stocking is as full of fun as it is of presents. You make me tired, you do. [*Stands by CHRISTMAS WREATH.*]

Enter CHRISTMAS PUDDING

CHRISTMAS PUDDING [*jumping upon table, where he sits with legs crossed in front of him*]: So you cranky folks aren't going to keep Christmas. I suppose you have forgotten how many times I have helped make the day merry for you. Well; stare at me if you want to. Yes; I am the Christmas Pudding and you ought to be ashamed, not to keep Christmas just for the sake of seeing me on the table. Gee, can't you remember how good I am? Many a time you have been near sick from eating me. Now you say that Christmas is foolish. I am ashamed of you. [*Remains on table.*]

Enter CHRISTMAS CANDIES

FIRST STICK: Aha, do you know us? Oh, I see that you do, and no wonder you look ashamed. As many years as Christmas Candy has been popular I wonder you

think you can get along without it. Think how fond the children are of us, and even old folks still have a sweet tooth. Your little children will have a *nice* Christmas without us! You ought to be shut up with the crazy folks.

SECOND STICK: Say, you better think back a few years and remember how you used to like us at Christmas time. The truth is you are still fond of us. You would like a bite of me this very minute; you know you would. The idea of your saying that Christmas is all foolishness. [*They stand, one at each side of table.*]

Enter CHRISTMAS HEART

CHRISTMAS HEART: Say, do you know me? What? I look like a heart? Well, I am. I'm the Spirit of Christmas—the great big heart of kindness and love that makes people want to shout Merry Christmas and shake hands, and give presents and cheer up those who are sad. Most folks have a Christmas heart, but you people haven't one as big as a hickory nut. You don't even want to make your children happy.

CHRISTMAS WREATH: Hurrah for the Christmas Wreath upon the wall!

CHRISTMAS STOCKING: Hurrah for the Stockings hung by the chimney!

CHRISTMAS PUDDING: Hurrah for the Plum Pudding upon the table!

CHRISTMAS HEART: Hurrah for the Spirit of Kindness and Love!

CHRISTMAS CANDIES:

Hurrah for the candy with stripes so neat,
Pure and sweet that cannot be beat.

[*They all pass out.*]

Enter FAIRY

FAIRY [*waving wand*]: Tim-o-ree, lim-o-ree, san, ban, see; tim-o-ree, lim-o-ree, nil, sil, mee. I do hope these foolish people will wake with some sense. [*Exit.*]

MRS. BROWN [*waking quickly*]: Oh, what a dream!

MR. BROWN [*waking same time*]: What! Did you dream it, too?

MRS. BROWN: About the big stocking and the Christmas candy?

MR. BROWN: Yes, and the plum pudding and the wreath.
[*Both rise.*]

MRS. BROWN: Of course, we must keep Christmas this year.

MR. BROWN: Certainly; I was just going to say so.

MRS. BROWN: The children must hang up their stockings.

MR. BROWN: And there must be candy and a plum pudding.

MRS. BROWN: Of course. We can't miss our Christmas pleasures.

CURTAIN

THE FAVORITE TREE

LAURA F. ARMITAGE

FOR THREE BOYS

FIRST BOY:

HURRAH for the fruit of the apple-tree;

What fairer fruit can be?

In gold, or russet, red, or green;

A lovely sight to see.

The pear, the cherry, the peach and plum

Bear fruit that is fine, I know;

But the apple-tree's my favorite

Of all the trees that grow.

SECOND BOY:

Hurrah for the fruit of the walnut tree!

When the autumn days appear,

Then the frost sends walnuts rattling down;

That sound I love to hear.

In cool and bright October days,
 Afar to the woods we go;
 Oh, the walnut-tree's my favorite
 Of all the trees that grow.

THIRD BOY:

Hurrah for the fruit of the Christmas tree!
 I am sure it beats them all;
 What better fruit than gun and drum,
 And trumpet, bat and ball?
 Skates, games and books, and many toys
 Hang on branches high and low;
 Oh, the Christmas tree's my favorite
 Of all the trees that grow.

ALL:

Hurrah for the apple and walnut-trees!
 May they never cease to stand!
 But a three times three for the Christmas tree!
 May it flourish in our land!

MOTHER GOOSE'S CHRISTMAS

MARIE IRISH

FOR EIGHT BOYS AND NINE GIRLS OF THE PRIMARY GRADES

CHARACTERS

MOTHER GOOSE
 JACK and JILL
 BO-BEEP
 MISS MUFFET
 MISTRESS MARY
 CROSS PATCH
 QUEEN OF HEARTS
 WOMAN, WHO LIVED IN SHOE

MOTHER HUBBARD
 BOY BLUE
 HUMPTY-DUMPTY
 TOMMY TUCKER
 JACK HORNER
 SIMPLE SIMON
 KNAVE OF HEARTS
 SANTA CLAUS

COSTUMES

MOTHER GOOSE: High-pointed hat with wide strings to tie under chin; tight waist with ruffles; short skirt with bright overskirt; slippers with large bows; white kerchief about neck.

BO-PEEP: White dress; colored sash, tied in large bow; big hat trimmed with same color as sash; carries crook.

MISTRESS MARY: Hair done high on head; fancy, bright-colored gown, floor length.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Light gown trimmed with red hearts.

KNAVE OF HEARTS: Dark suit trimmed with bright hearts.

BOY BLUE: Blue cap; large, blue collar with ruffle; blue tie.

SIMPLE SIMON: Bright sash, tied at side; bright tie and cap.

CROSS PATCH: Dressed as old maid; dark gown; cork-screw curls; etc.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Calico gown; shawl; large bonnet; carries cane.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY: White cap; high, white collar; white shirt front; dark suit; wide, white belt.

MISS MUFFET: Short, dark dress, trimmed with bright ruffles, and bonnet to match.

JILL: Large, dark cape and small bonnet or cap to match.

JACK: Dark suit, with bright tie and cap.

WOMAN, WHO LIVED IN SHOE: Dark gown; large apron; small cape; old-fashioned hat.

TOMMY TUCKER: Pointed cap, stuffed, with bell on end of point, like a jester's cap; large, ruffled blouse; dark trousers.

JACK HORNER: Bright stockings; sweater; bright stocking-cap.

SANTA CLAUS: Red cap, trimmed with evergreen or white cotton; bright leggings; short, heavy coat, trimmed with white cotton; red sash about waist; cheeks painted red; white hair and whiskers.

SCENE I

Discovered, MOTHER GOOSE

MOTHER GOOSE [*coming down stage*]:

ALACK and alas! Oh, deary me!

I'm just as sad as I can be.

At Christmas time I'm here alone,

My home is still; no cheerful tone

Of happy voices do I hear;

But everywhere is silence drear.

While other hearts are light and gay,

Enjoying celebrations to-day,

There's not a soul who cares a jot
Whether I am merry or not.
I'd like to know what is the use
Of being the long-famed Mother Goose,
When all my children have gone away
And left me alone on Christmas Day.

[Weeps as she passes slowly from stage.]

Enter SANTA CLAUS, *gazing at* MOTHER GOOSE

SANTA CLAUS: Well, that poor old soul! What a shame that she is so sad. *[Wipes eyes.]* It always makes me feel bad to see a woman cry. I wonder if I can't give her a nice Christmas present to cheer her up. *[Thinks.]* I know what I'll do. I'll start out with my reindeer, hunt up some of her children and have them give her a surprise party. *[Dashes out.]*

CURTAIN

SCENE II—As before

Enter SANTA CLAUS

SANTA CLAUS: Whew, I've had a swift journey! Talk about airships and automobiles—there is nothing slow about my reindeer. They told me I'd find Boy Blue here. Wonder where he is. *[Looks about.]* Perhaps I'd better call him. *[Calls.]* Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn; sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn. Where is the little boy that tends the sheep?

Enter JACK HORNER

JACK: He's under the hay-stack fast asleep. *[Calls.]*
Oh-h-h-h, Boy Blue!

Enter BOY BLUE

BOY BLUE *[rubbing his eyes]*: What do you want of me?

SANTA CLAUS: Say, what do you mean by sleeping on Christmas Day? Aren't you one of Mother Goose's famous children?

BOY BLUE: Yes, I'm Boy Blue, and if I'm not mistaken you are Santa Claus—at least you look like the pictures I have seen of him. If you please, I'd like a new horn for a Christmas present. Mine is just worn out.

SANTA CLAUS [*pulling horn from pocket and giving to him*]: Here you are! Now I want you to blow this until you get a lot of Mother Goose's family together, and go give the poor old lady a Christmas surprise. She is all alone and needs her children to cheer her up.

JACK HORNER: Poor Mother Goose; what a shame to forget her! But I am Jack Horner and I was so busy sitting in the corner—

SANTA CLAUS: Yes; busy putting in your thumb to pull out a plum! Now you both get busy and I will meet you at Mother Goose's at—say—well, about dinner-time.

JACK HORNER: All right.

Now, Boy Blue, go blow your horn,
Call forth her children on Christmas morn,
And tell them to go without delay
To surprise Mother Goose on Christmas Day.

BOY BLUE: I'll [*Blows blast on horn*] get them started [*Blows*] all right. [*Goes off blowing horn, followed by JACK HORNER.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE III—MOTHER GOOSE standing by large chair

MOTHER GOOSE [*coming down to front*]:

Alack and alas! Oh, deary me!
Such a lonesome time I never did see.
The day is called merry, but I sit forlorn—
Not even Boy Blue with his tooting horn
Has come to greet me on Christmas morn.
Though of famous children I have a score,
They remember Mother Goose no more.

[*Sits in chair and bows head in hands.*]

Enter SANTA CLAUS and all the characters

[*They arrange themselves quietly about her in a semi-circle, facing front, with line back of MOTHER GOOSE'S chair. BOY BLUE blows horn loudly.*]

ALL: Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

MOTHER GOOSE [*sitting up quickly*]: Why! Mercy! What does this mean? How you *did* frighten me.

SANTA CLAUS: It merely means that some of your famous children and myself have stepped in to wish you a—

ALL: Merry Christmas!

MOTHER GOOSE: Oh, how glad I am to see you all. You know I am an old, old lady and—

SANTA CLAUS [*bowing*]: Indeed, Madam Goose, you can't be very old, to judge from your looks.

JILL: Well, it seems as if Jack and Jill have been going up the hill for most a thousand years.

SANTA CLAUS: Tut, tut! Truth isn't made of elastic, so don't try to stretch it. I insist that Mother Goose looks real young. [*Bows.*]

MOTHER GOOSE: Thank you, good Santa Claus. Now, will you stand here by me while I greet my dear children?
[*SANTA and MOTHER GOOSE stand at center of stage. The others come forward, one at a time, bow to them, then face front while speaking, returning again to place in the semi-circle.*]

BOY BLUE:

Boy Blue has left the cows in the corn,
And come with merry blasts of his horn,
To give you greetings this Christmas morn.

[*Blows horn.*]

MISS MUFFET:

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
But I left my repast and hastened here fast,
My Christmas greeting to pay.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY:

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
And I almost got a dreadful fall;
But I jumped off spry that here I might fly,
To pay you a Christmas call.

JACK:

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get some water, and then,
Before we ever reached the top,
We hurried down again.

JILL:

Because we wanted to come along
With all this merry Christmas throng
To our Mother Goose, famed in story and song.

BO-PEEP:

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
But never mind, they'll safely keep
While we assemble here to tell
Dear Mother Goose we wish her well.

SIMPLE SIMON:

Simple Simon met a pieman going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pieman: "I won't taste
your ware.
I am hungry, but what is the use?
I'm going to visit my good Mother Goose."

MISTRESS MARY:

Mistress Mary is quite contrary,
Because her garden won't grow;
But we've come to wish you a Merry Christmas,
In spite of the cold and snow.

QUEEN OF HEARTS:

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
Upon a Christmas day;

KNAVE OF HEARTS [*carrying a plate of tarts*] :

But the Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts,
And carried them away ; they are fine for Christmas—
Have one, I pray.

[*Passes them to MOTHER GOOSE and SANTA, who each take one to eat.*]

MOTHER HUBBARD :

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
But found it empty still ;
Though my dog and I are hungry,
I can say Merry Christmas with right goodwill.

SANTA CLAUS: Never mind, Mother Hubbard ; we are going to have some dinner here before long—a regular feast that will make you forget that your cupboard is empty.

WOMAN, WHO LIVES IN SHOE :

Here comes the old woman who lives in a shoe ;
I have so many children it is more than I can do
To buy them each a present for a Christmas day—
How can I buy when I have no money to pay ?

SANTA CLAUS: Never mind, poor woman, I will help you out with presents. Here ; take this to Mary [*hands her a doll from his pocket*] and this to John [*hands over a knife*] and this to Peter [*gives her a top*] and this to Nellie [*another doll*] and this to the baby [*gives her a rattle*]. And here is some candy for them all. [*Gives her a bag. She puts all the gifts in a large pocket in her skirt.*]

WOMAN WHO LIVES IN SHOE: Thank you, Santa Claus. You haven't some molasses with you, have you ? I would like a little to put on their bread.

SANTA CLAUS: No, I haven't any. It's so horrid sticky to carry, you know.

MOTHER GOOSE: And here is Cross Patch.

ALL: Oh, why are you cross, Cross Patch ?

CROSS PATCH [*laughing*]: Why, I'm not! I got so many nice presents for Christmas that I am not cross a bit. I feel like wishing the whole world a——

ALL: [*waving their hands*]: A merry Christmas!

TOMMY TUCKER: This is Tommy Tucker who sings for his supper.

SANTA CLAUS: Good, Tommy; just sing us a song and we will all join in and help you.

SANTA CLAUS *and* CHARACTERS [*sing*]:

Tune: SWEET BYE AND BYE

We have met on this glad Christmas day;
On this merriest day of the year;
Our respects to our good dame to pay;
Mother Goose, whom we all love so dear.

Refrain:

Mother Goose; Mother Goose; Merry Christmas we wish
you to-day;

Mother Goose; Mother Goose; please accept our best wishes
we pray.

We could sing of her wonderful fame,
But you know it, so what is the use?
For the whole world has oft heard her name,
You have all read the rhymes of Mother Goose.

[*Refrain as before.*]

MOTHER GOOSE [*rising and bowing*]: Thank you, my children. You have made me very happy, indeed. A short time ago I thought myself neglected and forlorn, but your kindness has filled me with the spirit of Christmas.

CROSS PATCH: I do wish we had a nice present for Mother Goose. How dreadful to come without a Christmas gift for her.

SANTA CLAUS: Now, don't you fret, Cross Patch. What am I here for? Isn't it my work to furnish the presents?

[*Bows to MOTHER GOOSE*] Good dame, please accept this little gift from us all, with best wishes for——

ALL: A merry Christmas! [*He gives her a copy of MOTHER GOOSE rhymes.*]

MOTHER GOOSE: Oh, how lovely! A book with all my writings in it. And full of pictures, too! Dear me, it makes me feel quite proud to think I wrote all of these.

ALL: Hurrah for Mother Goose!

MOTHER GOOSE: Thank you all for your kindness to me. I hope as the years pass you will each seek to bring joy to sad hearts at Christmas time. Remember that you will be the happiest when you are making some one else happy.

SANTA CLAUS: Yes, that is so.

MOTHER GOOSE: Love and cheer are the best Christmas gifts, and you will always find plenty of people to whom you can give them.

SANTA CLAUS: That's right!

MOTHER GOOSE: Now let us wish the whole world a——

ALL [*waving hands*]: Merry Christmas!

SQUIRE HAWLEY'S CHRISTMAS

MARIE IRISH

FOR SIX BOYS AND FIVE GIRLS OF THE GRAMMAR GRADES

CHARACTERS

SQUIRE HAWLEY; MRS. HAWLEY, his wife; GEORGE and NORA, the son and daughter; REVEREND WILLIAMS; KATIE, the maid; MRS. BASS; JOSIE and FRANK, her two little children.

COSTUMES

SQUIRE HAWLEY: Business suit; hair slightly gray; mustache and goatee.

MRS. HAWLEY: Neat, dark, house gown; hair done in matronly way; glasses.

GEORGE and NORA: Well-dressed young people of about seventeen and nineteen.

REVEREND WILLIAMS: Long coat; white collar and tie; tall hat.

KATIE: Black dress; white apron; collar and cuffs.

MRS. BASS and CHILDREN: Very plain, common clothes.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT

FIRST SCENE: A cozy room in the Hawley home; table with books; some rocking-chairs. SECOND SCENE: The Bass home; very plain room; some kitchen chairs and a small table.

SCENE I—Squire Hawley's Objection

Discovered, MR. and MRS. HAWLEY, GEORGE and NORA.

MRS. HAWLEY: How nice it is that Christmas is almost here again. I think it is the best season of the year.

NORA: Oh, I just love Christmas! Papa, are you going to get me a new ring for a present?

SQUIRE HAWLEY: I don't think I'll pay any attention to Christmas this year; I'm tired of the foolishness.

NORA: Why, papa, you are fooling! We can't get along without Christmas.

MRS. HAWLEY: Certainly not. We have never missed having a good time on Christmas since we were married.

GEORGE: Why, father, you aren't tired of Santa Claus at your young age, are you? [*Laughs.*]

SQUIRE HAWLEY: Well, I mean what I say. I don't see any use in spending a lot of money and fooling away time on a silly custom like that. It doesn't do us any good. I'm just tired of it all.

MRS. HAWLEY: Why, James, I am ashamed to hear you talk that way. I think that Christmas, with its merry cheer, its goodwill, its spirit of sympathy and generosity, is splendid and does us all good. I am sure you don't want to miss it this year.

NORA: I am certain I'd rather miss any other day in the year than Christmas.

GEORGE: Oh, father is just trying to scare you!

SQUIRE HAWLEY: No, I am serious. We have kept this foolishness up every year since I can remember; but you children are too old now for it and we won't make any fuss.

NORA: Why, papa, I didn't know people ever got too old to enjoy Christmas.

SQUIRE HAWLEY [*gruffly*]: Nonsense! It is just a foolish habit. Crops were poor this year; that best roan colt had to die; one of my tenants had bad luck and could pay only half of his rent, and I don't feel in any humor to fuss over Christmas. We will pay no attention to it and I don't want to hear any more about it. [*Goes to back of room; sits down and begins to read.* MRS. HAWLEY and children come down to front.]

MRS. HAWLEY [*anxiously*]: I don't see what ails him. He never acted so before.

NORA: I will go and talk to him. [*Goes back and puts hand on his shoulder.*] Oh, papa, don't you think it will be lovely for us to have a nice Christmas tree, and have uncle Henry's and aunt Mary's folks here? We haven't had a tree for two years; let's have a fine one this year.

SQUIRE HAWLEY [*waving her off*]: I don't want to hear any more about Christmas. [*She sits down disheartened.*]

MRS. HAWLEY [*to George*]: How dreadful! I will go and talk to him. [*Goes back to SQUIRE.*] Now, James, don't act this way. You know we can afford to observe Christmas, even if we have lost a little money. Let's all go over to brother William's for the day. They want us to come and we can——

SQUIRE HAWLEY: No, no, NO! Go away and stop talking about this. [*She sits, looking sadly at Nora.*]

GEORGE [*aside*]: Guess I'll have to talk to him. [*Goes back.*] Come father, don't make mother and Nora feel bad. You've got a good bank account. Let's all go down to aunt Lizzie's and stay several days. The city is going to have a fine ice carnival, Christmas day—going to be great—let's go! Christmas only comes once a year and——

SQUIRE HAWLEY [*jumping up*]: Will you stop this *Christmas* business? I said we wouldn't have any Christmas.

[*Goes from room, walking angrily.*]

GEORGE: Well, if he isn't the limit!

NORA [*wiping eyes*]: No Christmas! How horrid!

MRS. HAWLEY: I don't see what he is thinking of. I am afraid he must be going to be sick. I hope it isn't appendicitis. Oh, dear!

GEORGE: Come on, Nora. Old Santa Claus isn't dead, yet. Let's go over and see the Morrisons.

NORA [*sadly*]: All right. [*Exeunt NORA and GEORGE.*]

Enter KATIE

KATIE: If you plaze ma'am, the preacher is here. I think he has come to make yez a call, an' he is after wantin' to know if yez are at home.

MRS. HAWLEY: Why, of course we are at home. You may show him in here, Katie.

KATIE: All right, ma'am. He looks like a rale nice man, but sure he ain't so handsome as Policeman Mulvaney, ma'am. [*Exit.*]

MRS. HAWLEY: Perhaps the minister can tell me what to do with James. I'll ask him.

Enter REVEREND WILLIAMS

REVEREND WILLIAMS: Good afternoon, Mrs. Hawley. I hope I find you well. [*Shakes hands and they sit.*]

MRS. HAWLEY: Quite well, thank you, but I am in a little trouble.

REVEREND WILLIAMS: Trouble? That is too bad; perhaps I can help you in some way. I shall be only too glad, if I can.

MRS. HAWLEY: The truth is, my husband has taken a queer notion that Christmas is all a piece of foolishness and refuses to let us pay any attention to it this year. What can I do with him?

REVEREND WILLIAMS: Perhaps he does not really mean it. Most people enjoy the Christmas festivities.

MRS. HAWLEY: He seems very set about it. I wish you could give him a good talking to.

REVEREND WILLIAMS: Sometimes that only makes a person the more stubborn. I wonder if we can't work some scheme on him; get him interested in some Christmas plan without his knowing it. You know the way to manage a man is not to let him know you are managing him. Let me think. [*Walks back and forth, thinking.*] I have it. I believe I can get him interested all right. Just let me have a chance to talk with him.

MRS. HAWLEY: I'll send him in here at once. [*Exit.*]

REVEREND WILLIAMS [*musings*]: I have heard that if you want to drive a pig into a pen you should pretend you want him to go the other way, so I'll try that plan with Squire Hawley.

Enter SQUIRE HAWLEY

SQUIRE HAWLEY: Ah, Elder Williams, I am glad to see you. How are you to-day? [*Shakes hands. They sit.*]

REVEREND WILLIAMS: Very well, Squire Hawley. Fine weather we are enjoying. I have a little matter of business to attend to, which I thought perhaps you might help me with.

SQUIRE HAWLEY: Certainly, if there is anything I can do, just let me know.

REVEREND WILLIAMS: Rather an unpleasant matter, but these things must be done. It is the widow Bass—poor woman, you know—with two children—who has been sick and is unable to pay her rent. Of course, you can't expect landlords to furnish rent free, so she is to be turned out. I was wondering if you couldn't let us use one of your teams to move her things. I do not know where the poor woman will go, but I suppose we can find a little place somewhere.

SQUIRE HAWLEY: Why, it is a shame to turn her out right in winter. Isn't there someway it can be arranged?

REVEREND WILLIAMS: Not that I know of. We might take up a collection to pay the rent and buy some of the things

they need, but just at this time of the year people have so much expense that I hesitate to ask for aid.

SQUIRE HAWLEY: But it is a shame—a shame, sir, to turn a poor woman out just at Christmas time—a merry Christmas she will have.

REVEREND WILLIAMS: Oh, well, this Christmas business is a little odd. A number of people do not pay any attention to it any more, and I think Mrs. Bass will have to make the best of her troubles. Do you think you can help me a little about getting her moved?

SQUIRE HAWLEY: No, sir! I won't help turn any poor woman out just at Christmas. Don't you think those two children want to enjoy Christmas?

REVEREND WILLIAMS: Oh, tut, tut! You are making too much fuss over Christmas. Business is business, Squire Hawley. Who is there to play the part of Santa Claus to these folks?

SQUIRE HAWLEY: You are the first minister I ever met who had no Christmas spirit. I can play the part of Santa Claus—yes, sir, and I will, too. I know three men who will help me.

REVEREND WILLIAMS [*hesitatingly*]: Oh, well, if you can see that there is money to pay the rent, buy some provisions, get a few Christmas presents for the children and so forth, I shall be very glad to give Mrs. Bass a Christmas surprise. [*Aside.*] My plan is working *fine*!

SQUIRE HAWLEY: I will attend to it; she shall have a merry Christmas.

REVEREND WILLIAMS: Thank you; thank you. I will see you again about the plans. I really must be going now. Good afternoon, Squire Hawley.

SQUIRE HAWLEY: Good afternoon, Elder Williams. Call again. [*Exit* REVEREND WILLIAMS.]

Enter MRS. HAWLEY and NORA

MRS. HAWLEY: Has the minister gone?

SQUIRE HAWLEY: Yes. A cold-hearted man—no Christmas spirit! I'll show him. Nora, I believe you said you wanted a Christmas tree. You just fix up the best one

you can, for I'm going to ask the widow Bass and her children to come.

NORA: Why, papa, I thought——

SQUIRE HAWLEY [*loudly*]: Never mind. Do as I say. Ask Henry and Mary's folks here and we'll have a big time.

MRS. HAWLEY: Certainly, James. We will do whatever you say. [*Aside to NORA.*] Don't say anything to oppose him.

SQUIRE HAWLEY: I'll show that preacher! Say, I've got some old togs I wore several years ago when I was Santa Claus. I'll dress up in them and do things in style down at Bass's. I'll show them what Christmas means. [*Strikes attitude and MRS. HAWLEY and NORA smile upon him as curtain drops.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE II—A Christmas Surprise

Discovered, MRS. BASS and the TWO CHILDREN

JENNIE: Isn't Santa Claus going to bring us any presents?

FRANK: And aren't we going to have any Christmas dinner, mama?

JENNIE: Oh, I wish I could have a dolly, even if it was just a little one.

FRANK: I wish I could have some new mittens, so I could shovel snow.

MRS. BASS: I am afraid we can't have any Christmas this year; you know I was sick so long. Perhaps next year we can have a better time. [*Aside.*] How can I tell them we may be turned into the street before night? [*Wipes eyes.*] There can be no merry Christmas for my poor children.

FRANK: Don't feel bad, mama. When I get big we'll have a fine Christmas, with lots of nice things. [*A knock is heard.*]

JENNIE: Oh, maybe it is Santa Claus. [*Runs to door.*]

Enter SQUIRE HAWLEY as Santa Claus

SANTA: Good-morning, madam. Good-morning, children. Will you tell me who lives here?

FRANK: Mrs. Bass does; I'm Frank, and this is my sister Jennie.

SANTA: Mrs. Bass! Why, that is just the place I was looking for. I couldn't get around last night, so I had to come this morning to bring you some Christmas things. Here, madam [*gives a slip to MRS. BASS*] is a receipt for your rent. That is a little present from some of Santa's good helpers. This basket [*points to large basket which he set upon floor as he entered*] holds a lot of good things to eat, and outside you will find some coal.

CHILDREN [*dancing about*]: Oh, goody, goody! We're going to have a real Christmas after all.

MRS. BASS [*wiping eyes*]: Oh, sir, you do not know what a load you have lifted from my mind. I thought there was no one who cared whether we had any Christmas. I can't say how glad I am to know there really is some of the Christmas spirit I've heard about. You don't know how happy you have made us.

JENNIE: But—but—didn't you bring—a—dolly?

SANTA: Say, now, I forgot to tell you. There is a big Christmas tree over at my house and I want you folks to go with me right off. I just believe there is a dolly. [*To MRS. BASS:*] Now just get ready as soon as you can, for my horses are waiting. You are going to have a Merry Christmas with us.

JENNIE: Oh, we'll get ready right off.

MRS. BASS: It will take us only a few minutes. [*She and children hurry from room.*]

SANTA [*musings*]: Say, this is the best time I've had for years. The idea of my saying this Christmas business is all foolishness! Why, I wouldn't have missed this for anything. I tell you, if you want to have a merry Christmas, just get to work and make somebody else have a merry one. Christmas is *all right*, and it is more blessed to give than to receive.

CURTAIN

CHRISTMAS DOINGS

FOR FOUR GIRLS

FIRST GIRL:

WHAT do you do at your house when Christmas Eve is
nigh?

SECOND GIRL:

We stretch a line at the chimney side,
And Mother sees it is strongly tied;
Then hang our stockings, and go to bed,
And, just as soon as our prayer is said,
We wonder and guess till asleep we fall,
What Santa Claus has for one and all.
Then long before daylight, we haste to pull
From the line by the chimney our stockings full;
And that's what we do at our house,
What do you do at your house when Christmas eve is
nigh?

THIRD GIRL:

We have in the parlor a Christmas tree;
And each has his own little mystery
In hanging upon the branches green
His gifts for the others, by them unseen.
Then mother goes in, the candles to light,
And everything is so gay and bright,
That you ought to be there our joy to see,
When we have our gifts from the Christmas tree;
And that's what we do at our house.
But what do you do at your house when Christmas eve is
nigh?

FOURTH GIRL:

We hear in the evening a rousing ring;
We hurry the door to open fling,
And sure as we live, with his long white hair,
And his jolly red face, Santa Claus is there!
He opens his pack, and with laugh and shout,
We take the presents he tosses about.

Then he's off; but, just after his visit is o'er,
 Uncle John comes in at the other door!
 And that's what we do at our house.
 What do you do at your house when Christmas eve is
 nigh?

FIRST GIRL:

We, too, hang up our stockings; but mother says
 One thing we must do—all Christmas days—
 Just as sure as they come—just as long as we live,
 Some gifts to the poor we must always give.
 So a basket she fills on Christmas eve,
 And tells us just where our gifts to leave.
 Would you know how the best time at Christmas is
 found?
 Help Santa Claus carry his basket around;
 For that's what we do at our house!

FATHER CHRISTMAS AND HIS FAMILY

HARRIETTE WILBUR

FOR FOURTEEN BOYS AND ELEVEN GIRLS OF THE INTERMEDIATE
 AND GRAMMAR GRADES

CHARACTERS

FATHER CHRISTMAS	}	<i>His Children</i>
SIRLOIN		
MISRULE		
CAROL		
MINCED-PIE		
BABY-CAKE		
PLUM-PUDDING		
GAMBOL		
POST-AND-PAIR		
MUMMING		
WASSAIL		
TWELFTH-NIGHT KING		
OFFERING		
YULE-LOG		
NEW YEAR'S GIFT		
HOLLY		
MISTLETOE		

CHRISTMAS TURKEY	}	<i>His Grandchildren</i>
SANTA CLAUS		
CHRISTMAS GREETING		
NEW YEAR'S GREETING		
CHRISTMAS TREE		
POINSETTIA		

CHRISTMAS STOCKING	}	<i>His Great-Grandchildren</i>
CHRISTMAS PACKAGE		

THIS exercise, as given, requires fourteen boys and eleven girls. If this is more than desired, some of the less familiar ones may be omitted. Father Christmas and his Children will be the larger boys and girls; the Grandchildren will be the smaller ones; the Great-Grandchildren will be the smallest of all. No masks are worn, unless it be the ordinary black half-mask that just covers the eyes.

COSTUMES—Boys

FATHER CHRISTMAS: Long red robe trimmed with cotton-batten; long white hair and whiskers, holly crown, and a large scepter trimmed with mistletoe and other greens. Wears an immense pair of bowed glasses, rather than a mask. SIRLOIN: A complete suit of dark red, made in imitation of Falstaff's garments. A soft "liberty-cap" of red. Carries a red banner on which is the gold lettering: *Sirloin*. Should be made to look rather stout. MISRULE: A velvet cap, with a sprig of green or a plume. A short green cloak, great yellow ruff, and a suit of yellow knee-breeches and coat. Ribbons, laces and beads of all kinds are sewn on here and there, to add to the fantastic effect of the costume. Wears strings of bells about each knee and a necklace of them. Carries a gilt crown on his scepter. (Consult some pictures of this character for details of costume.) CAROL: In a long brown coat, with a red cap. Carries a flute and a sheet of music or a song-book. TURKEY: Wears a tight black sweater and tight black stockings pulled over his trousers, reaching to hips. Turkey feathers are sewn on his sleeves, tapering down to the wrists. A feather duster, with the handle lying along his backbone, underneath the sweater, and kept in position by a tight belt or by a string about the neck, will furnish the tail. On his head a tiny red cap, with a red-flannel "wattle" hanging off the beak. This boy walks partly bent at the waist. GAMBOL: A Pierrot costume of white with black rosettes. POST-AND-PAIR: Yellow doublet; red, long hose; black sleeves. Cape slung from one shoulder by a scarf diagonally across the breast. His doublet, which reaches half-way to the knees, is geometrically trimmed with playing-cards, and a fringe of them borders the lower edge. He also wears a circlet of these cards on his head, like a crown; this is easily made by pasting the cards to a band of cloth, or by stringing them on two strings. NEW YEAR'S GIFT: A long white domino, with hood. A belt of gilt paper links, tied with long ends. MUMMING:

A flowered calico jester's suit; fool's cap and bells; a small stick with a big rubber ball swinging from the end, or a bauble. Rides a hobby-horse and carries a small box suspended from his neck. OFFERING: A short brown "Robin-Hood" costume. Carries a box which he jingles from time to time, and walks with a cane. Wears a long brown cape, that covers him from neck to heels, and a brown cap. The cape may be brocaded with circles of gilt or silver paper. YULE-LOG: A long, scant, sleeveless surplice of brown cambric, trimmed with shreds of bark. Brown or black hose, slippers and sleeves. A cap of bark, or a cloth one trimmed with bark. Drags a sled. TWELFTH-NIGHT KING: Knee-breeches and coat of pale blue cambric. Long purple robe trimmed with (cotton-batten) ermine; a gilt crown. His scepter is a large round cake (of pasteboard covered with curled tissue-paper) on a long wand. SANTA CLAUS: Regulation costume, with a big bag of toys. CHRISTMAS PACKAGE: Wears a tight black sweater and long black stockings reaching to the hips. Red may be worn, if preferred, or white. A large rectangular pasteboard box covered with white cambric is slipped over the boy's body, and kept in place under the arms by suspenders of wide holly ribbon. The box is wrapped in this ribbon, and decorated with Christmas stamps and stickers.

COSTUMES—GIRLS

MINCED-PIE: A brown dress, with numerous black and yellow circles one inch in diameter pasted thickly about on the skirt, waist and sleeves. A circle of pasteboard pie-pans is about her body, and another one encircles the upper part of her skirt. There is a pie-pan on each shoulder, and she wears one on her head, tied down with a brown sash. BABY-CAKE: A brown dress and a great white bib. Carries a large cake, which may be a round or square box covered with curled or twisted tissue-paper. A necklace and head-wreath of cookies. PLUM-PUDDING: Full dress of brown cambric, gathered about the neck and below the knees. A bag of the brown is gathered to the neck of the dress, leaving an open space for the face, and is tied at the top of the head, like a sack. Sprigs of holly decorate each shoulder. WASSAIL: Girl in a maid's cap and apron, carrying a big brown bowl trimmed with ribbons and holly. MISTLETOE: Short green dress trimmed with white paper polka-dots. Wreath of mistletoe on head, and a sprig in her hand. HOLLY: Short green dress, trimmed with red paper polka-dots. Wreath of holly on head, and a sprig in her hand. POINSETTIA: Short green dress, liberally brocaded with red paper poinsettia leaves. Carries a plant or an artificial spray in her hand, and wears an enormous leaf on her head. CHRISTMAS TREE: Straight sack apron of brown lining, thickly covered with "needles" of green tissue paper. A high-pointed hat of the brown, covered with the green needles. A sprig of evergreen in each hand. CHRISTMAS GREETING: Red dress. Bears a great, oblong, card-shaped shield of white pasteboard, with the gilt lettering: *I Wish You a Merry Christ-*

mas. NEW YEAR'S GREETING: Blue dress. Bears a card with the lettering: *I Wish You a Happy New Year.* CHRISTMAS STOCKING: In a long white night-gown, with a nightcap. On the front of her gown is a great stocking of red cambric, reaching from shoulders to knees. Another stocking at back of gown.

SCENE

FATHER CHRISTMAS' living room. A big easy-chair is the only required property, but the walls may be decorated as elaborately as desired with evergreen and tissue garlands, knots of cotton-batten, Christmas pictures, toys, gilt stars, tissue bells, etc.

[*Enter FATHER CHRISTMAS, followed by his children grouped by twos: TWELFTH-NIGHT KING and GAMBOL; SIRLOIN and BABY-CAKE; MINCED-PIE and PLUM-PUD-DING; MISRULE and WASSAIL; CAROL and MUMMING; POST-AND-PAIR and YULE-LOG; OFFERING and NEW YEAR'S GIFT; HOLLY and MISTLETOE. FATHER CHRISTMAS takes his seat, while the others march about the room, up and down the center, and in several different fancy figures, finally stopping in a single line around the rear and sides of room.*]

FATHER CHRISTMAS [*adjusting his glasses*]: Well, my children, December is well started, and it is time we were making our plans. Is it true, this charge they are making, that the spirit of hearty festivity which formerly celebrated my special season is on the decline? Am I being forgotten in the modern rush of business? Am I becoming worn out with too great age? To be sure, nineteen hundred years and more is a good age, but though I may be somewhat grayer than I once was, my heart is still warm and young. What do you think, my fine family? Some of you were most popular in times past—does the world still welcome you?

MISRULE [*stepping forward and shaking his head dolefully*]: Times are bad with me, Father Christmas. I am absolutely forgotten, everywhere. Ah me! when I remember the gayety of Elizabeth's court—then I was in the heyday of my reign. I was the acknowledged ruler of the Christmas season—the Lord of Misrule; the Abbot of

Unreason; the Master of Merry Disports; I was even called the Christmas Prince, or the King of Christmas. I was feasted at the king's court; at the manor-house; at the village inn; and all united to do me honor. Even kings obeyed my commands. And what a following I had in my mock court!—chamberlains, chancellors, poets, clowns, jugglers, jesters, tumblers, drummers, fifers, heralds, footmen, marshals, pages of honor, messengers,—

FATHER CHRISTMAS [*interrupting, with a wave of his hand*]: I remember the hilarity of your reign at the Christman season, and six weeks of it at a time was entirely too long. Perhaps it is just as well, Misrule, that the Roundheads did away with you. You were a bit too gay for any season of the year. Come, Sirloin, how go the years with you? Have you, too, lost favor?

SIRLOIN [*advancing with a swagger*]: By no means, Father Christmas. Since the day King Charles gave me my title, I have enjoyed favor with all men, at all times. I am now no more popular at Christmas than at any other season of the year. Since the discovery of America, I have been sharing my duties with my young son, Christmas Turkey. I'd like to have you see him. [*Goes off and returns with CHRISTMAS TURKEY.*] Isn't he a fine lad, Father? [*Turns him around and looks him over proudly.*] And so popular with everyone, high and low, in the four corners of the globe. Christmas dinner is hardly Christmas dinner without one of his drumsticks to beat a tattoo on the heaped-to-overflowing plate, and his wishbone to crack after the feast is over.

FATHER CHRISTMAS: I am pleased to know that you have so strong an ally in your son. May you both live long, and wax heartier with the passage of time. [*SIRLOIN and TURKEY fall back into position, with deep bows.*] And Minced-Pie, Baby-Cake, and Plum-Pudding—are you still welcomed as in olden times?

[*These three advance with demure courtesies, and speak together*]: Yes, Father we are welcome.

BABY-CAKE: And many a toothsome dainty beside, Father, not forgetting to mention the candies that are devoured each year.

FATHER CHRISTMAS [*as they retire to position*]: Very good, daughters; very good. And you, Carol? Is your clear voice still heard in the calm frosty air of Christmas morning, telling some pretty story of the Nativity?

CAROL [*advancing with a bow*]: I am about forgotten in the cities, and have never been well-known in America, except as the choir-boys honor me in the church services and the school-children in their exercises. But in some of the older countries in the rural districts, particularly in France and Wales, I am still celebrated by the waits going from door to door. With your permission, I will introduce my little daughter, a very popular child at the present time, particularly in America.

FATHER CHRISTMAS: By all means. It is satisfying to know that new members are coming into the family to take the place of those who are becoming obsolete.

CAROL [*entering with CHRISTMAS GREETING*]: Christmas Greeting, Father. She reaches farther with her kind wishes than I with my voice.

FATHER CHRISTMAS: You are a pleasing person, Christmas Greeting, and your sentiments are wholly kind and thoughtful. I hope you will grow more and more famous as time passes, though I would not like to have you take the place of Carol altogether. Work together. How now, Gambol; what have you to say for yourself in these latter days?

GAMBOL [*coming forward with a bound*]: Young and spry as ever, Father, as you see. Of course, I have changed my character slightly, in order to keep in favor, which perhaps accounts for my continued prosperity. Snap-dragon, hot-cockles, feed-the-dove, and several other games I have discarded, but blind-man's-buff, dancing, story-telling, riddles, forfeits, and others are still well-known. Then, there are the Christmas plays and exercises and pantomimes, and the juggling and fooleries of

the practiced performers behind the footlights. On the whole, Father, I think I may safely say that I am as good as ever. But poor Wassail—I pity her.

FATHER CHRISTMAS: And what is the matter with Wassail? How is it, daughter?

WASSAIL [*coming forward with a limp and one hand on her side*]: Poorly, Father. No one will have anything to do with me, and I am languishing to my grave for want of society. Even my name is well-nigh forgotten. And see, my bowl is quite empty, too. [*Turns it upside down.*]

FATHER CHRISTMAS: Um-um. Well, daughter, perhaps it is just as well that you remain quietly at home here with me. To be sure, you were a merrymaker in the olden times; but, like Misrule, you were given to excesses. On the whole, one cannot regret your decline. New Year's Gift, why do you shrink back like one half-afraid to be seen in company? Is that your attitude of late?

NEW YEAR'S GIFT [*coming forward shyly*]: Oh, there are a few places where I am welcomed each year, but, as a general rule, I have been superseded by my young daughter. May I bring her in? [*Goes out and returns with NEW YEAR'S GREETING.*] Now isn't she a neat little person, Father, if I do say it myself?

FATHER CHRISTMAS: Why, she might be a twin sister of Christmas Greeting over there!

NEW YEAR'S GIFT [*laughing*]: A twin cousin, Father Christmas. [*Leads her off to rear.*]

FATHER CHRISTMAS: And you, Post-and-Pair? Is your name still connected with the sports of the season, as in King James' time?

POST-AND-PAIR [*dancing forward lightly*]: Oh, la-la-la! Not my name—I changed that long ago. But under the guise of several popular card-games, I am the same sociable and carefree fellow that I always was. But I dare Twelfth-Night King there to say the same for himself.

FATHER CHRISTMAS: Step forward, Twelfth-Night King, and give me an account of your fortunes of late.

TWELFTH-NIGHT KING: They are fairly good, Father. I have not extended my territory much beyond certain places in Europe, but, thanks to the lovers of cake and other such sweets, I have weathered the attacks of time and change. In London to this day, there is such an illumination of bakery windows on my special night, as is to be seen at no other time of the year. Cakes cut in all conceivable shapes—stars, castles, kings, camels, lions, sheep, cottages, churches—fill the shelves, until carried off by eager purchasers. Nor has my connection with the Three Wise Men been forgotten; in some parts of France the little children still run out along the country roads, with gifts of cake, fruits, and hay, for the Three Wise Men and their faithful camels; in other countries the Feast of the Kings is kept, with peas and beans and coins in the cakes, and other such sports. I am keeping up fairly well, I may say.

FATHER CHRISTMAS [*peering about at YULE-LOG*]: Is that you I spy there, Yule-Log? Come forward and let me see how the world is using you. Must you walk and pull your own sled—you who used to ride in such triumph?

YULE-LOG [*dragging his sled wearily*]: Even so, Father Christmas. Oh, the days of the open fireplace! I remember yet how I crackled and flamed on the hearth while the feasting went on all about me. And the half-burned brand that was saved and treasured all year—that was an honor. To be sure, in some parts of the world, where the old-fashioned hearths are still used, I am 'brought in from the forest with ceremonies, and honored as of old. But the invention of the stove and the steam-heated house nearly caused my death! I escaped by a hair's breadth! Of late, however, bungalows with wide fireplaces are springing up, so I have begun to hope for a return of my one-time popularity. Still, I have my blessings, too; there's a chip of the old block I would like to have you see, Father. [*Goes out and brings in CHRISTMAS TREE.*] Isn't she a credit to the family? Getting prettier and more popular every year, too. Born in Ger-

many; naturalized in America. Make your bow to Grandfather, Christmas Tree.

FATHER CHRISTMAS: A fine addition to the family, I assure you, Yule-Log. The very sight of you must make the children dance with delight, Christmas Tree.

CHRISTMAS TREE: Yes, indeed, sire, particularly when I wear my brilliant costume of lights, that sparkles so beautifully from tip to toe.

FATHER CHRISTMAS: That reminds me of Mistletoe and Holly. And I see that you two twins are as inseparable as ever. Does the world treat you as well as ever?

[MISTLETOE and HOLLY advance and courtesy as he speaks to them.]

HOLLY: As well as ever, Father. Indeed, we have found it so difficult to supply the demand for Christmas decorations that no plant which remains green in December escapes us—pine, fir, box, laurel, cypress, myrtle—we use them all.

MISTLETOE: And we have of late years added a new assistant to our corps. She is a native American. May we introduce her, Father?

FATHER CHRISTMAS: To be sure; to be sure.

[*They bring in POINSETTIA.*]

HOLLY: Poinsettia, Father Christmas. And she threatens to supplant me, in America, as a Christmas emblem.

POINSETTIA: But I cannot take the place of Mistletoe, sire, not having her charmed berries to make me of value.

FATHER CHRISTMAS [*laughing*]: Ha, ha, ha! You are a bright little maid, however, Poinsettia, and an attractive addition to the family. We are glad to welcome you, and hope you will grow in fame with the years. [*They retire to rear.*] Now there is one member of the family I am very anxious to hear from. He always has had special charge of the poor, and as such was my right-hand man. Where is Offering?

OFFERING [*advancing hurriedly, throwing back his cape*]: Here, Father. Perhaps you did not recognize me in my changed garb. It is the cloak of charity, which I now

wear as an emblem of the new methods of work I have adopted. The poor no longer go about from house to house, at the Christmas season, asking for gifts of food and clothing and money, as formerly. Now the offerings are collected and distributed by the various charitable organizations under my direction. Those who wish to remember the needy at this season of the year, make their gifts to our several branches, and we make up the baskets. And, though I don't wish to boast, I am delighted to report that seldom is a household missed.

FATHER CHRISTMAS: Better than I had expected. And I hope, Offering, that you, above all members of my family, will never fail to do your best at the Christmas season. Mumming, you once accompanied Offering on his rounds; are you still co-partner with him in his good deeds?

MUMMING [*coming forward, carrying his hobby-horse*]: Well, to be frank, Father, I have changed my tactics. Dancing the hobby-horse for collections of money is about forgotten; in but a few-out-of-the-way places is it practiced, and then more as a New Year's entertainment. My son now fills my place, and very gracefully, too. He was born in Holland, but has long been a citizen of America, where he is particularly popular. Indeed, he has become, in that country, the chief representative of our family. Just wait until I find him. [*Goes out and returns with SANTA CLAUS, who is followed by CHRISTMAS STOCKING and CHRISTMAS PACKAGE.*] Santa Claus, Father Christmas. [*SANTA CLAUS sets down his bag and bows.*]

FATHER CHRISTMAS [*rising and shaking SANTA CLAUS by the hands*]: Welcome, my child, a thousand times welcome. I must acknowledge that my heart warms at the sight of you—you're the picture of your old grandsire, lad, and right glad I am to see you. And who are your two followers—new members of the family?

SANTA CLAUS: My two children, sire. Without them I could never make my Christmas rounds. They are young yet, but capable assistants when it comes to giving Child-

hood a good time, on Christmas day. You see, the gifts I distribute personally I leave with Christmas Stocking to deliver, while the hundreds of other gifts that I am too overloaded to take I send by Christmas Package. And so, by their aid, all the gifts get safely to their destination in time.

FATHER CHRISTMAS: Santa Claus, you please me more than I can say. Christmas should be a time of giving, in which Childhood should have by far the greater share, because of the best gift that God ever gave to the world—the Christ-Child. You are bringing Childhood into its own, Santa Claus. In earlier days, children had very little part in the Christmas festivities; but you are going to change all that, I am sure, and your thoughtfulness for them will give you long life and prosperity in the ages to come. May your kingdom grow until it encompasses the whole earth. [*To all*]: And now, you who have work to do in the coming season, be on your way. The time grows short, and there is much to do. Go, then, and never forget that your mission is to make Christmas time the happiest and best season of the whole year.

CAROL [*stepping forward*]: One moment, Father Christmas. Your permission to sing a rousing song at parting.

FATHER CHRISTMAS [*seating himself*]: To be sure; to be sure; it will get us all into the spirit of the work.

CAROL [*steps to the front, facing the other characters, who group themselves into three or four lines*]: We will sing to the honor of Father Christmas himself. [*He beats the time with his song-book and flute, while all sing heartily "FATHER CHRISTMAS," given on next page.*]

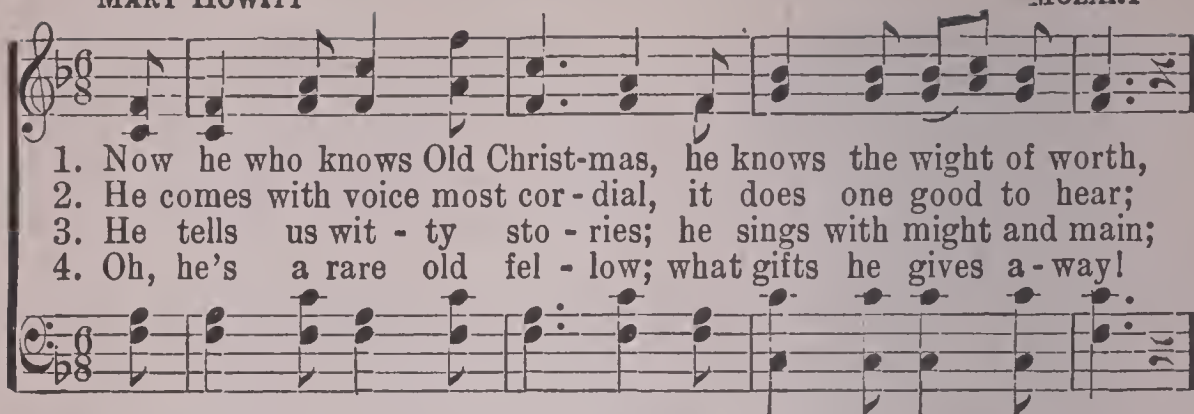
[FATHER CHRISTMAS leads the company about the stage, at the conclusion of the song, the others following in groups of twos. At last he halts by his chair; as each couple passes they bow and go off at exit, with the exception of MISRULE and WASSAIL, who remain standing in one corner of the stage, looking wistfully after the rest. Curtain.]

[A pianist may play some pretty march for the entrance and exit marches, and may accompany the song.]

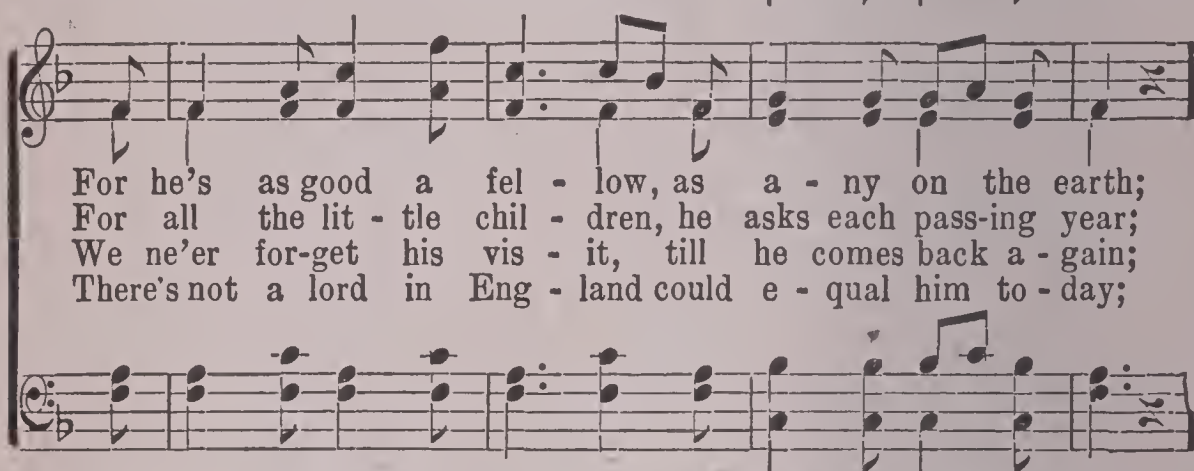
Father Christmas

MARY HOWITT

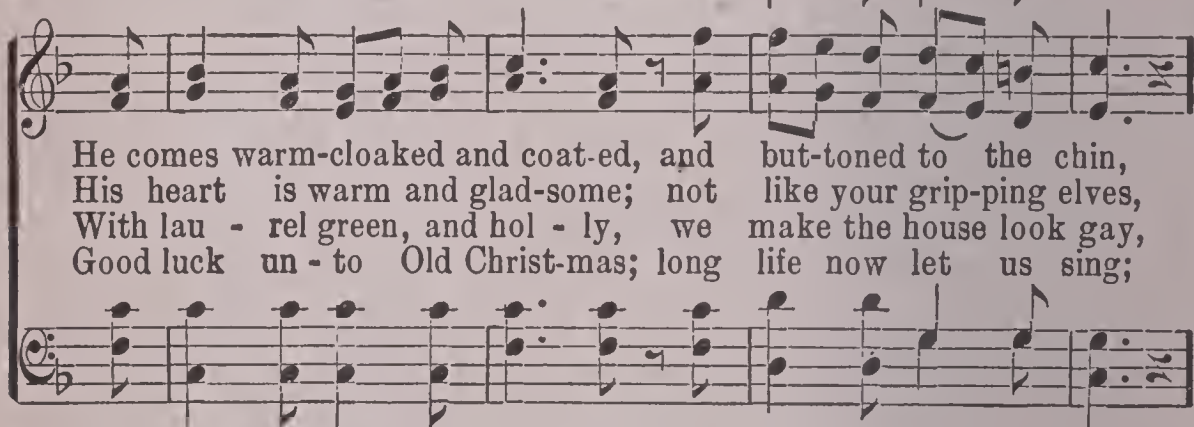
MOZART



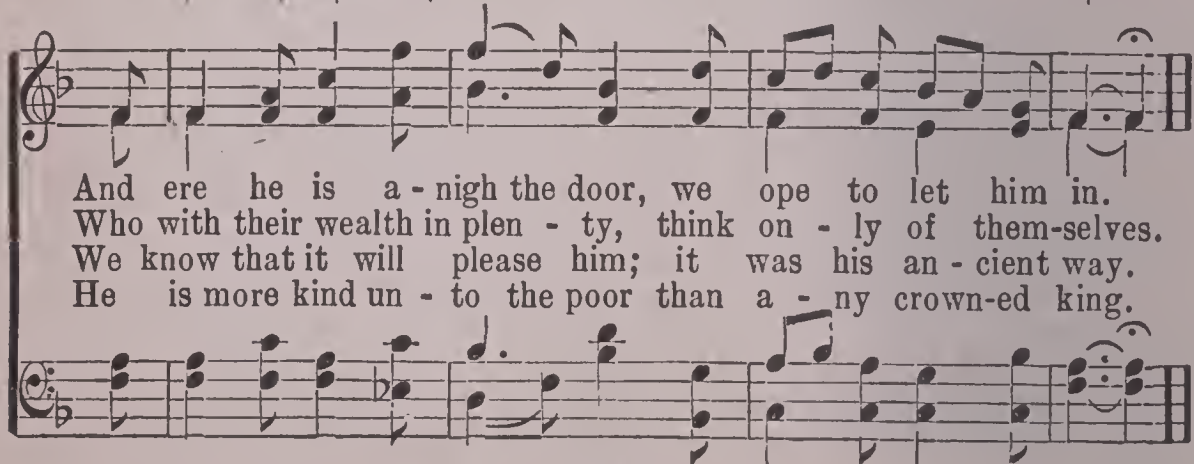
1. Now he who knows Old Christ-mas, he knows the wight of worth,
 2. He comes with voice most cor-dial, it does one good to hear;
 3. He tells us wit-ty sto-ries; he sings with might and main;
 4. Oh, he's a rare old fel-low; what gifts he gives a-way!



For he's as good a fel-low, as a-ny on the earth;
 For all the lit-tle chil-dren, he asks each pass-ing year;
 We ne'er for-get his vis-it, till he comes back a-gain;
 There's not a lord in Eng-land could e-qual him to-day;



He comes warm-cloaked and coat-ed, and but-toned to the chin,
 His heart is warm and glad-some; not like your grip-ping elves,
 With lau-rel green, and hol-ly, we make the house look gay,
 Good luck un-to Old Christ-mas; long life now let us sing;



And ere he is a-nigh the door, we ope to let him in.
 Who with their wealth in plen-ty, think on-ly of them-selves.
 We know that it will please him; it was his an-cient way.
 He is more kind un-to the poor than a-ny crown-ed king.

TROUBLE IN SANTA-CLAUS LAND

MARIE IRISH

FOR FIVE BOYS AND THREE GIRLS OF THE INTERMEDIATE
GRADES

CHARACTERS

SANTA CLAUS

MRS. SANTA

JACK BENSON, a boy from the
States

AMEWOKO, an Eskimo

MADAM DOLLMAKER

MADAM CANDYMAKER

CHIEF TOYMAN

CHIEF HORNMAN

COSTUMES

SANTA CLAUS: Regulation costume.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS: Long coat; warm hood.

AMEWOKO: Fur cap; fur coat; bright sash around waist.

MADAM DOLLMAKER: Warm, dark skirt; sweater; warm cap or hood.

MADAM CANDYMAKER: The same costume as that of the Chief Doll-
Maker.CHIEF TOYMAN: Long, dark trousers; heavy coat; bright stocking-
cap.

CHIEF HORNMAN: The same costume as that of the Chief Toyman.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT

A PLAINLY furnished room in Santa's home, chairs, and for a table a
good-sized box with opening toward the wall large enough for Jack to
crawl into. Box should be covered with dark blanket or shawl, and
there should be a number of toys upon it.

SCENE I—The Plot

*Discovered, JACK BENSON*JACK: Well, I got here at last. My, but it was an awful
trip! I most died on the way, but I just wouldn't give
up. I was determined to see what Santa Claus' land
looked like and I traveled here from way back in Minne-
sota. I thought maybe Santa would be mad at me for
coming, but he has been as nice as pie to me. He has let

me see everything in his workshops and he's going to take me back to the States in his big sleigh when he goes with the presents. I don't like Mrs. Santa Claus so well. She is sort of cross and bosses good old Santa an awful lot. Say, here she comes now, looking dreadful cross. Guess I'll hide. [*He crawls into box which should be out a few feet from the wall.*]

Enter MRS. SANTA

MRS. SANTA [*crossly*]: That Santa Claus just makes me tired. He thinks because I'm a woman I should always stay here at home and let him do all the going. Every one talks about what a good-natured old man he is, and he ought to be when he has all the good times. But I'm going to get even with him this year.

Enter AMEWOKO, CANDYMAKER, DOLLMAKER, TOYMAN AND HORNMAN

CANDYMAKER: We have come, good Madam Santa Claus, because we were told that you wanted to talk with us. How can we serve you?

TOYMAN [*bowing*]: We are at your command.

MRS. SANTA: The truth is, I have a plot in mind. You know Santa Claus *always* goes on the Christmas trip alone. Many a time I have begged him to let me go, too, but he always has a lot of excuses. I work here all the year, and it isn't fair that I should never go for a trip.

HORNMAN: Of course it isn't. Why, Santa Claus doesn't do much work. He just walks around and keeps the rest of us busy. I say some of us who spend the months making these Christmas presents ought to have a chance to help give them. Just think of the horns I make during a year.

DOLLMAKER: Well, think of the work I do. You know very well that Christmas wouldn't be any success without hundreds of dolls for presents. I don't blame Mrs. Santa Claus for wanting to go on the Christmas trip, but I think I should go, too, so I can see how the little girls like my dolls.

CANDYMAKER: As for that—what would Christmas be without all the candy, sugar plums and such things that I make for folks? Why, every one *loves* Christmas candy and just think of the amount of it I make during the year. I think I ought to have a chance to go along and help put it into stockings.

TOYMAN: Well, I've always wanted to go down there in the States and see what Christmas is like. It isn't very much fun to stay here always at work. I don't blame Mrs. Santa Claus for wanting to take the trip.

AMEWOKO: Me want to go Unitie States an' see Chris'mas, too; me want to see all the nice, pretty ladies down there. Me no like um work here all time.

MRS. SANTA: Well, I have determined to go this year. Of course Santa will not give his consent, so I'll have to do some plotting.

DOLLMAKER: I want to go along. I guess my dolls are the most important thing about Christmas.

HORNMAN: Here, here; don't forget all my thousands of horns. What would children do without them to toot-too-toot?

TOYMAN: Why, your horns are as nothing to all the toys I make to fill up Christmas stockings. Think of the woolly lambs; the curly dogs; the humming tops; the trains of cars; the——

CANDYMAKER [*interrupting*]: But *my* Christmas candies—surely I ought to go with Mrs. Santa Claus on this trip—and I'm going, too!

AMEWOKO: Me, too! Me go see all nice, pretty ladies. Um-hum.

MRS. SANTA: Why, dear me, we can't *all* go! There will not be room for us in the sleigh; you know their won't, with all the presents.

TOYMAN: Well, *I'm* going.

DOLLMAKER: Indeed, I shall go, too.

CANDYMAKER: You can't leave *me* behind, so there!

HORNMAN: Well, *I'll* go or know the reason why

AMEWOKO: Me go too um-hum, yes sir!

MRS. SANTA: Now do stop quarreling. You *can't* all go. I am going and I shall take——

ALL THE OTHERS: You must take *me*.

MRS. SANTA: I won't take any one if you do not keep still. Listen to my plan. You know Santa Claus always takes a nap before he starts away. I shall put a sleeping powder in some water and get him to drink it, so he will sleep until way past time for him to start. Then, while he is asleep, I shall take the reindeer and the presents and start on the Christmas journey.

ALL THE OTHERS: And *I* will go with you!

MRS. SANTA: We will see who shall go. Come; let us get to work. [*All exeunt.*]

JACK [*crawling out from the box*]: Ho! So that is the plan. Give old Santa a powder to make him sleep until it is too late for his trip. Humph! I guess I'll have something to say about that. I won't stand it to see Santa Claus cheated that way. Folks down there don't want Mrs. Santa Claus to bring the presents—she's too cranky. Now, *I'm* going to see that Santa doesn't drink that powder, and that he *does* get started on time! [*Laughs and runs from room.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE II—Mrs. Santa Outwitted

Discovered, MRS. SANTA CLAUS

MRS. SANTA: Now I must get the powder fixed for Santa Claus, because it is nearly time for him to take his nap before starting on his long journey. [*Pours some sugar out of a folded paper into a glass half filled with water.*] There! That will make him sleep for hours and hours. I wonder what he is doing. [*Exit.*]

Enter JACK hurriedly

JACK: Here is where I play my game. [*Runs to table; takes glass MRS. SANTA fixed, and pours out water into pail sitting on floor; then refills glass with fresh water*

from a pitcher.] Now, I guess this won't hurt good old Santa. I'll see that he gets started on time all right. The idea of a *woman* Santa Claus! [*Exit.*]

Enter SANTA

SANTA [*yawning*]: Oh, hum! I must get to sleep or I won't wake up in time to get an early start. My sleigh is all loaded ready to go; the reindeer are in fine shape, and the Christmas presents are *great*. I guess all the children down there in the States will be pleased with them. I *do* hope Mrs. Santa won't begin to beg to go along. Land sakes, I can't be bothered with a woman. Why, she would ask so many questions about things that I wouldn't get time to do half my work.

Enter MRS. SANTA

MRS. SANTA: Now, Santa dear, don't you think you had better go to sleep, so you can get an early start with the presents? You look real tired.

SANTA: Yes, I think I'll lie down right away. It's a dreadful hard trip, especially since I'm getting a little old.

MRS. SANTA: Here; you better have a drink before you go, so you won't get to coughing. [*Hands him the glass.*]

SANTA: Thank you. [*Drinks water.*] I'll bring you a nice present up from the States; yes, two of them.

MRS. SANTA [*aside*]: He doesn't know that I'm planning to buy myself a lot of things down there like the ladies are wearing. I'll fool him nicely.

SANTA: Well, I'll get to sleep. [*Stretches arms as he goes off.*]

MRS. SANTA: Now, I must get a nap right away, so I can get up in a short time and get ready to start. Ha, ha! Won't Santa be surprised when he finds how I have outwitted him? [*Exit.*]

Enter JACK

JACK [*dancing about the room*]: Ho, ho! Everything is fine! Poor Mrs. Santa Claus; won't she be surprised to

find herself left? I pity Santa when he gets back home. Won't she give it to him? Now, I am going to sleep a few minutes; then I'll get Santa up and we will be on our way before the others can wake up. [*Sits in a chair with his feet on a chair in front of him; slides down, closes eyes, and begins to snore. After a minute he awakens with a start and jumps up.*] Dear me, I wonder how long I have slept. I think I'll wake Santa Claus. [*Goes out softly.*]

Enter SANTA CLAUS and JACK

SANTA CLAUS [*rubbing his eyes*]: Yes, I'm glad you woke me up. We better get off right away. We will keep real still so as not to wake the folks up. Mrs. Santa might scold if we disturbed her nap. I guess everything is ready, so we'll hustle off. Wouldn't do for old Santa Claus to be late, you know.

JACK [*anxiously*]: Yes, sir, let's get started.

SANTA: All right; here we go. [*They exeunt softly.*]

Enter MRS. SANTA CLAUS a few minutes later

MRS. SANTA: I think I better not wait any longer before I start on my wonderful journey. I guess I'll call Amewoko and have him get the reindeer ready. Oh, here he comes now!

Enter AMEWOKO rubbing eyes

AMEWOKO: I guess we better start before long. Something might happen to make Santa Claus wake up. I go see 'bout reindeer. [*Exit.*]

Enter TOYMAN and HORNMAN

TOYMAN: Well; here we are, ready to start.

MRS. SANTA: Why, I can't take you along. There isn't room.

Enter CANDYMAKER and DOLLMAKER

DOLLMAKER: Here I am, ready to start on our trip.

MRS. SANTA: I told you I *couldn't* take you.

TOYMAN: I shall go, anyway.

HORNMAN: I certainly shall go, too.

CANDYMAKER: Nothing can keep me from going, either.

DOLLMAKER: Indeed, *I* shall go without fail.

Enter AMEWOKO

AMEWOKO [*excitedly*]: They gone! He gone! It gone!
All gone!

TOYMAN: What gone? Tell us.

AMEWOKO: Sleigh gone! Reindeer gone! Santa Claus gone! He play bad joke.

MRS. SANTA: What! Santa gone? [*Runs out and returns immediately.*] Yes, he has gone. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
[*Sinks in chair.*] Wait till he gets home! [*Weeps.*]

DOLLMAKER: All my lovely trip spoiled.

CANDYMAKER: All *my* lovely trip spoiled.

AMEWOKO: Me can't see all nice, pretty ladies.

CURTAIN

THE CHRISTMAS MONTH

HARRIETTE WILBUR

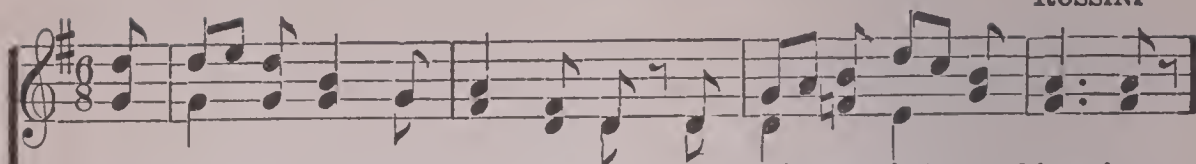
FOR THIRTY-TWO CHILDREN OF THE INTERMEDIATE AND GRAMMAR GRADES

COSTUMES

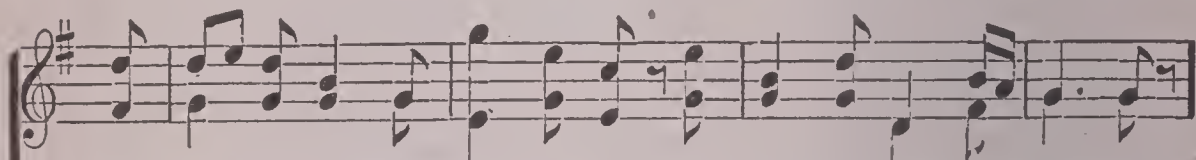
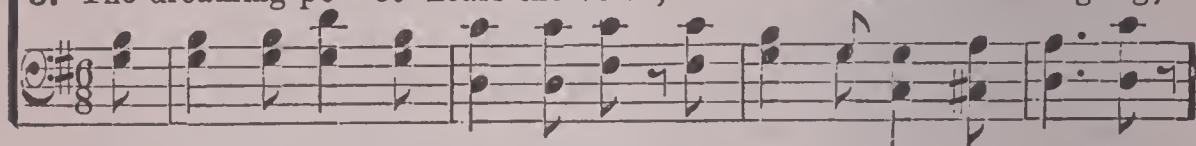
(THIS symposium is given by one girl representing Christmas-tide, and thirty-one children for the days of the month. Christmas-tide wears a long wrap of red and green cambric, one whole side being made of red and the other side of green; it is trimmed liberally about neck, wrists, front and hem with cotton wadding, and sprinkled well with diamond-dust. Her cap is a long "stocking-cap," one-half being red and the other half green, the two seams being placed at the front and back to match the robe. There is a band of the wadding about the face. She carries a large branch of evergreen, or a wreath of holly with red and green streamers. If wished, each of the Days may wear a cambric jacket of red or green, reaching to the knees and trimmed with wadding, though a special costume is not required. Each Day carries a small twig of evergreen or spray of holly. If desired, but fifteen or sixteen children may represent the Days, each speaking a second time. The calendar for the month is placed on an easel; it consists of thirty-one white cards, each about eighteen inches square, containing the figures for the days of the month; above is a long card containing the word: *December, 19...*)

The Voice of Christmas-Tide

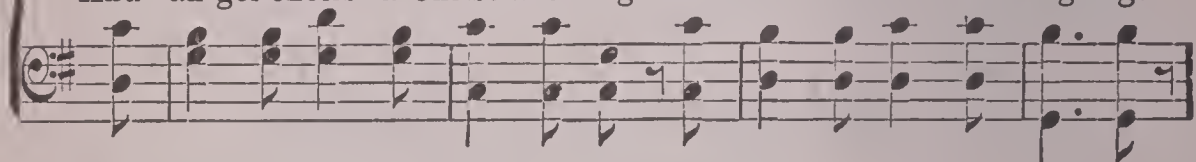
ROSSINI



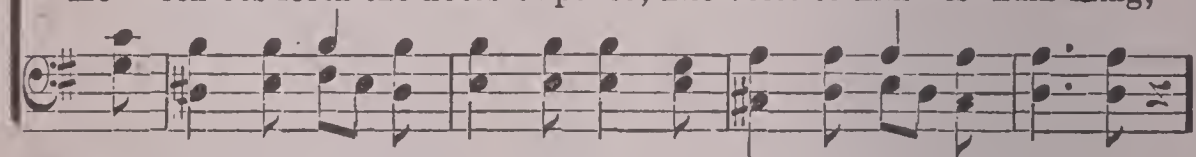
1. When snow lies deep up - on the ground And winter winds are blow-ing;
2. The schoolboy hears it at his task, His heart is light-er beat-ing;
3. The dreaming po - et hears the voice; It seems that bells are ring-ing,



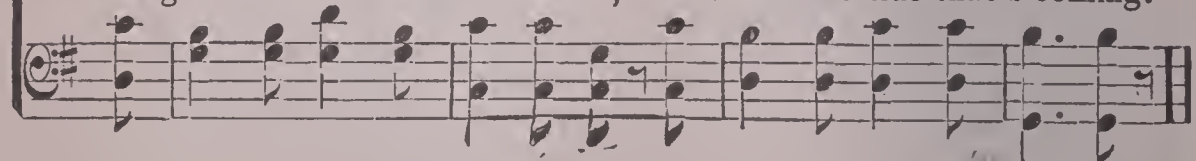
And on the hearth with crackling blaze The win - ter fires are glow-ing
The plod-ding stu-dent lifts his head, And thinks of home and greet-ing;
And an-gel choirs a Christmas song To all man-kind are sing-ing.



Then thro' the land a mag - ic voice A pleas-ant song is hum-ming;
To old and young, to rich and poor, The gen-tle voice is hum-ming,—
He ech-oes forth the notes of peace; The voice to him is hum-ming,—



It is the voice of Christmas-tide, The Christmas-tide that's coming.
It is the voice of Christmas-tide, The Christmas-tide that's coming.
The gentle voice of Christmas-tide, The Christmas-tide that's coming.



PRELUDE: Song, "The Voice of Christmas-Tide." This may be sung by one child, two children, or a group, dressed in ordinary costume.

Enter Christmas-Tide, taking her position by the easel. The placard, *December 19*—, is already in place; she carries the cards for the Days, or they are on a small stand beside the easel. She places the card bearing the numeral 1 on the easel, and calls "December the First," whereupon first child enters, lays his tribute of evergreen or holly at her feet and recites his stanza; he goes off by another door, while Christmas-Tide covers card 1 by card 2, and announces "December the Second." In this manner are all the thirty-one days announced.

DECEMBER THE FIRST:

I celebrate the birth of the Divine,
And the return of the Saturnian reign;
My songs are carols sung at every shrine,
Proclaiming "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
—*Longfellow.*

DECEMBER THE SECOND:

Oh! holly branch and mistletoe,
And Christmas chimes where'er we go.
And stockings pinned up in a row!
These are thy gifts, December!
And if the year has made thee old,
And silvered all thy locks of gold,
Thy heart has never been a-cold
Or known a fading ember.
The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be.
Oh! sing a carol joyfully,
The year's great feast in keeping!
For once, on a December night,
An angel held a candle bright,
And led three wise men by its light
To where a child was sleeping.
—*Harriet F. Blodgett.*

DECEMBER THE THIRD:

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher,
Sing them till the night expire!

—*Longfellow.*

DECEMBER THE FOURTH:

In furry pallyclad,
His brows enwreathed with holly never sere,
Old Christmas comes to close the waned year.

—*Bampfylde.*

DECEMBER THE FIFTH:

They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars,
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.
Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
Hérons, and bitterns, peacocks, swan, and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine,
Plumpuddings, pancakes, apple-pies, and custard.

DECEMBER THE SIXTH:

A man might then behold,
At Christmas in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small;
The neighbors were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

DECEMBER THE SEVENTH:

Let's dance and sing, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

DECEMBER THE EIGHTH:

So now is come our joyful'st feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Down sorrow—it is none of mine—
And let us all be merry,

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas logs are burning,
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

—*George Wither.*

DECEMBER THE NINTH:

When Rosemary and Bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawled in frequent cries throughout the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near—
Christmas, the joyous period of the year!
Now with bright holly all the temples strow;
With Laurel green, and sacred Mistletoe.

—*John Gay.*

DECEMBER THE TENTH:

Go ye to the forest,
Where the myrtles grow,
Where the fir and cedar
Bend beneath the snow.
Cypress with the ivy
Lovingly entwine;
To make His temple glorious
Bring the box and pine.

—*Arthur C. Coxe.*

DECEMBER THE ELEVENTH:

Go seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,
The counter spirit found in some gay church
Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing
Merry and loud, and safe from prying search,
Strains offered only to the genial spring.

—*William Wordsworth.*

DECEMBER THE TWELFTH:

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly bush decked the old oak wall,
The baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
Keeping the Christmas holiday.

—*Old Ballad.*

DECEMBER THE THIRTEENTH:

Christmas is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The mahogany-tree.

—*Thackeray.*

DECEMBER THE FOURTEENTH:

Now blocks to cleave
This time requires,
'Gainst Christmas for
To make good fires.

—*Old Saying.*

DECEMBER THE FIFTEENTH:

In the mellow warmth of the firelight glow
The silver gems of the mistletoe;
Laurustinus mingles her pink-white bloom
Shading the cornice in partial gloom.
The holly noddeth his stately head,

Kindly old friend with his berries red.
The pendent yew hath her own snug place
She fills with a diffident, shrinking grace.
The ivy—queen of the evergreens all—
Her berries black, droopeth over the wall.
Shineth the poet's laurel fair,
Not least of the evergreens clustering there.

—*Astley H. Baldwin.*

DECEMBER THE SIXTEENTH:

O! the holly tree bough, he is stout and strong,
And he recks not if winter be short or long.
For boldly he enters where mirth prevails,
At the Christmas board, at the Christmas tales.
But the mistletoe creeps like a poor old fellow,
With blood so cold and cheeks so yellow;
Yet let him but bide in your festive hall,
And you'll find him the joviallest guest of all.

DECEMBER THE SEVENTEENTH:

December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.

—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

DECEMBER THE EIGHTEENTH:

This holly and this ivy wreath
To do Him honor, who's our king;

—*Robert Herrick.*

DECEMBER THE NINETEENTH:

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid—the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,
Peace and good-will to all mankind.

—*Tennyson.*

DECEMBER THE TWENTIETH:

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
—*Shakespeare.*

DECEMBER THE TWENTY-FIRST:

When mother-love makes all things bright;
When joy comes with the morning light;
When children gather round their tree;
 Thou, Christmas Babe,
 We sing of Thee!
—*Tudor Jenks.*

DECEMBER THE TWENTY-SECOND:

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
 But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music bursts forth on the air,
 When the song of the angels is sung.
—*Phillips Brooks.*

DECEMBER THE TWENTY-THIRD:

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely, shining star
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger-cradle bright.

There a darling Baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay.
And his mother sang and smiled,
"This is Christ, the holy child."

So the bells for Christmas ring;
So the little children sing.

—*Lydia A. C. Ward.*

DECEMBER THE TWENTY-FOURTH:

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

“To you, in David’s town, this day
Is born of David’s line
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

“The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display’d,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

—*Nahum Tate.*

[If preferred, the child may sing this hymn.]

DECEMBER THE TWENTY-FIFTH:

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day.
The dawn rose red o’er Bethlehem, the stars shone through
the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas
day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas
day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born;
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes
away;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day.
—*Dinah Maria Mulock.*

DECEMBER THE TWENTY-SIXTH:

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ that little child.

He came down to earth from Heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall.
With the poor and mean and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

DECEMBER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH:

O, little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet, in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light:
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

DECEMBER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH:

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!

And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

DECEMBER THE TWENTY-NINTH:

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man,
I would do my part—
Yet, what I can I give Him,
I give my heart.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

DECEMBER THE THIRTIETH:

O, Child of Mary's tender care!
O, little Child so pure and fair!
Cradled within the manger hay
On that divine first Christmas day!
The hopes of every age and race
Are centered in thy radiant face;

—*Annie P. Field.*

DECEMBER THE THIRTY-FIRST:

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Tennyson.*

If desired, several songs may be inserted at appropriate places in the exercise, such as: "Hush, My Dear, Lie Still and Slumber," by Watts; "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing;" "Joy to the World;" "The Evergreen;" "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear;" "Hang Up the Baby's Stocking," etc. While CHRISTMAS-TIDE is gathering up her offerings of evergreen, and exits, the pupils sing the last stanza of the song: "The Voice of Christmas-Tide."

CHRISTMAS PLOTS

MARIE IRISH

FOR THREE GIRLS AND THREE BOYS OF THE UPPER GRADES

CHARACTERS

GRANDMOTHER VAN CLEVE

MISS EMMELINE, an old maid

DOROTHY, the pretty granddaughter

PARKINS, the butler

JOHN WESTON, an admirer

HENRY BARLOW, another admirer

COSTUMES

GRANDMOTHER VAN CLEVE: White hair; glasses; black gown; small lace cap for house; black bonnet with veil for street.

MISS EMMELINE: Quite dressy, with various bright colors; cork-screw curls; fussy, old-style dress; a lot of jewelry.

DOROTHY: Very pretty clothes of modern young lady; stylish hat, coat, and furs.

PARKINS: White vest; cut-away coat; very lofty manner.

WESTON and BARLOW: In first scenes, business suits; last scene, each disguised with a Santa Claus outfit.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT

FIRST SCENES: No setting, or else hung with evergreen, to represent out-of-doors. LAST SCENE: A cozy room in the Van Cleve home.

SCENE I—Dorothy's Admirer

Discovered, GRANDMOTHER VAN CLEVE and DOROTHY

DOROTHY: The air is very fine this morning, Grandmother. It is a good morning for a walk.

GRANDMOTHER: Yes, except that it is somewhat cold. I do not see, Dorothy, why you are so fond of taking walks.

DOROTHY: Because it is good exercise, Grandmother. If you are cold why not go back home and let me walk alone? [*Aside.*] It is terrible to always have a chaperon fussing over me.

GRANDMOTHER: No, if you must walk I will go with you.

Enter WESTON at opposite side of stage

WESTON [*gazing at Dorothy*]: Ah! what a pretty young lady. How I wish I might meet her. I wonder if there isn't some way I can get an introduction.

GRANDMOTHER [*pointing*]: That is a pretty tree, Dorothy. What is it? [*She drops her handkerchief.*]

DOROTHY: Oh, a—a—I don't know.

WESTON [*aside*]: She has dropped her handkerchief—now perhaps I can become acquainted. [*Approaches.*] Pardon me, madam, I believe this is yours. [*Hands handkerchief to GRANDMOTHER but gazes at DOROTHY.*] A fine morning, isn't it?

GRANDMOTHER [*taking handkerchief*]: Thank you, sir. [*Aside.*] Dear me, he is making eyes at Dorothy. I must not allow that. [*To WESTON.*] I was wondering, sir, what that beautiful tree over there is. Perhaps you can tell me.

WESTON: Why, that is—a—a—er—I cannot tell from so far away. [*Aside.*] Here is a chance for a little visit. [*To the ladies.*] Let us walk over that way where we can see it.

GRANDMOTHER: Certainly. [*She steps beside WESTON and they start to walk along. DOROTHY drops behind them.*] I am very much interested in trees, and it is kind in you to take this trouble.

WESTON: Not at all. I am delighted. [*Aside.*] If I can get a few words with the charming young lady.

DOROTHY [*aside*]: Oh, there comes Harry Norton! I believe I can slip away and give him the letter I have for him. [*Hurries from stage.*]

GRANDMOTHER [*to WESTON*]: Yes, that is a beautiful tree. See how gracefully the branches droop. I wonder what it is.

WESTON: Perhaps it is—a—er—box elder.

GRANDMOTHER: Why, sir, the box elder is a deciduous tree. I think this must be a balsam. [*Looks around.*] Oh, oh, where is Dorothy? [*Looks.*] Why, there she goes way down the street. Excuse me, sir. I must hurry after her. [*Tries to hurry; walks as if rheumatic. Exit.*]

WESTON: Foiled! Not a word with the fair Dorothy! [*Stamps foot.*] Well, I shall not despair. Faint heart never won fair lady—next time I may have better luck. [*Passes off.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE II—Another Admirer

Discovered, DOROTHY and MISS EMMELINE

DOROTHY: Oh, Aunt Emmeline, there is a man selling Christmas wreaths down here on the street. Let us go get some.

MISS EMMELINE: Stop a minute, Dorothy. You have walked so fast I am all out of breath. I must find my smelling salts. [*They stop and MISS EMMELINE hunts in hand-bag.*]

Enter BARLOW at further side of stage

BARLOW [*gazing at DOROTHY*]: Oh, gee! What a pretty girl! I wonder who she is. I have seen her a number of times. Wish I could get acquainted with her. Say, I believe I can work a game with the maiden auntie. [*Approaches.*]

MISS EMMELINE: Oh, here are my smelling salts at last. [*Smells.*] I was almost exhausted. I don't see why you will persist in walking so vigorously.

BARLOW [*to MISS EMMELINE*]: I beg your pardon, Miss, but isn't your name Miss Josephine Bennington? [*He gazes at DOROTHY.*]

MISS EMMELINE: Oh, my no! You have made a mistake. I never even heard of her. [*Smiles at him. Aside.*] He is real nice-looking.

BARLOW: Oh, pardon me! But you look so much like a young lady friend of my mother's I met last winter. I hope you are not offended. [*Gazes at DOROTHY.*]

MISS EMMELINE: Not at all. It is easy to mistake one young person for another. [*Simpers.*] You look lots like a man I used to know in Chester. [*Aside.*] Dear me, he seems to be all taken up with Dorothy. I will have to stop that. [*To BARLOW.*] Don't you think that Christmas is a lovely time? It is so interesting to get presents. Last year I got over twenty. [*Simpers.*] Hiram Jackson gave me a lovely album.

DOROTHY [*who has been looking off the stage and gradually walking that way*]: Oh, if there isn't Harry Norton again. I must see him a minute. [*Walks quickly from the stage.*]

MISS EMMELINE: I have just lots and lots of presents that men have given me. I always keep them. It is so interesting to look them over. [*She notices BARLOW looking after DOROTHY and turns around.*] Why, where has Dorothy gone? [*Looks.*] Where can she have gone? Why, she is way down the street. I must hurry after her. I'm delighted to have met you. [*Smiles and bows to BARLOW and hurries off.*]

BARLOW: Oh, Jove and Jupiter, what luck! Never a word with the fair Dorothy. At least I learned her name is Dorothy. She is a peach! I must get a chance to become acquainted. If that old maid hadn't been so talkative I might have won at least a glance from the charming young niece. Well, I shall manage some way to know her or my name isn't Barlow. What fine eyes she has, and such a sweet mouth. [*Exit.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE III—The Admirers' Plot

Discovered, WESTON

WESTON [*pacing back and forth*]: Ah, I have seen her again and she is more beautiful than ever. She is angelic, but my luck is still below zero. This time she was with a smiling old maid who wouldn't let me get within speaking distance of lovely Dorothy. I am in despair. What shall I do? I have discovered where she lives. Now how can I get a chance to visit her? I wonder if—if—I have it! I'm going to dress like Santa Claus and take her a Christmas present. A fine idea! A little bold, but all is fair in love and war. [*Exit.*]

Enter BARLOW

BARLOW [*dejectedly*]: Only two days till Christmas and I feel like hanging myself. Every one seems merry but me, and I am a whole funeral. All because I can't get acquainted with the charming Dorothy. I met her again yesterday, but she had a fierce old grandmother with her who scared me off before I got a good look at the fair granddaughter. Woe is me! What shall I do? Shall I give up? Never! I shall—[*thinks*]. I have it! Why can't I disguise myself as Santa Claus and call on her Christmas eve with a present? I believe I can manage to have a visit with her that way. Of course it is a little unusual for Santa Claus to call on young ladies, but nothing ventured, nothing gained. I will try, and in my vocabulary there is no such word as *Fail!* [*Exit.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE IV—The Santas Outwitted

The Van Cleve home, Christmas eve.

Discovered, PARKINS, the butler.

PARKINS: I just wonder, now, what scheme Miss Dorothy has on hand. I believe she is up to some mischief, for

this evening she seems so sort of excited. Poor girl, it's little chance she has for a good time. What with her grandmother keeping a close watch on her so's no young man will so much as smile at her, and the old maid, Miss Emmeline, scaring off all the young fellers that would like to say a few words to the perty girl, she don't have much more fun than a jail-bird. I'd just like to give her a chance to have a little good times like other young folks. And if I get a chance to help her any, I will—or my name ain't Parkins. There is the bell. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter PARKINS followed by WESTON as Santa Claus.

PARKINS: Yes, sir—that is, Mr. Santa Claus, Miss Dorothy is at home, but she isn't much used to having visitors—that is, *men*.

WESTON: Of course, but on Christmas eve you know things—unusual things are apt to occur. [*Slips bill into PARKINS' hand.*] If you could possibly manage for me to see Miss Dorothy a few minutes—you know Santa Claus is a privileged person.

PARKINS: Certainly, Santa Claus, certainly. I will do my best. You might sit over here, so if anyone else happens to come in. [*Gives him a chair behind a screen at side of the room.*] I will find Miss Dorothy. [*Aside.*] This is some feller who is come to see Dorothy or my name ain't Parkins, and I'm going to give her a chance if I lose my place. There is the bell again. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter PARKINS followed by BARLOW as Santa Claus.

PARKINS: Yes, sir, I mean Santa Claus, Miss Dorothy is home and it may be she can see you, though her folks wouldn't like very well for Santa Claus to come to see her, I'm afraid. [*Aside.*] Heavings an' earth! What does two of 'em mean? I didn't know as Santa Claus was twins!

BARLOW: I am aware this is unusual, but at Christmas time we take a little more liberty, you know. [*Slips bill into PARKINS' hand.*] Now if you *can* let me see Miss Dorothy a few minutes it will be a great favor.

PARKINS: I'll do my best, Santa Claus. You better sit

here out of sight in case anybody should happen in. [*Has BARLOW sit on footstool at other side of room from WESTON, where he is hidden behind a tall easy chair.*] I'll call Miss Dorothy. [*Aside.*] Indeed, I'll sure lose my place for such doings, but if mebbe Miss Dorothy has got a chance to have a good time it's not Parkins will hinder 'er, though I don't much fancy twin Santa Clauses. [*Exit.*]

Enter GRANDMOTHER and MISS EMMELINE.

MISS EMMELINE: Oh, I *do* think Christmas is so lovely and the presents are so interesting. I wonder if Horace Barnes will give me a gift this year. [*Simpers.*]

GRANDMOTHER: Where is Dorothy?

MISS EMMELINE: She will be down soon, I think. I hope I'll get a new pearl brooch. [*Goes over to screen and discovers WESTON.*] Oh, oh, oh, if here isn't Santa Claus! Oh, you dear thing! Were you hiding until you could fill our stockings? Oh, grandmother, just see Santa Claus!

GRANDMOTHER: Santa Claus! Hiding here in our house? What does this mean? [*She comes down to front on opposite side and discovers BARLOW.*] And what is this?

MISS EMMELINE [*running over to BARLOW*]: Oh, another one! Isn't he cunning? Isn't this just delightful—two Santa Clauses. Are they brothers? Oh, what have you brought me?

GRANDMOTHER: Stop your foolishness, Emmeline. [*Sternly.*] You two men come out here where I can see you! [*They come out to center.*]

WESTON [*aside*]: Foiled again, curse the day! [*Looking at BARLOW.*] Who can this crazy freak be?

BARLOW [*aside*]: Dynamite my luck! I wish I was in Halifax. [*Looking at WESTON.*] Who can this gink be, rigged up as Santa Claus?

GRANDMOTHER [*sternly*]: What are you here for? Do you want to rob the house? Speak!

WESTON: Indeed, no, madam. I came merely as a—a—bit of a Christmas joke to—to—

GRANDMOTHER: Oh, you *did*! [*To BARLOW.*] And what did *you* come for?

BARLOW: I assure, madam, just to—to—Miss Dorothy—

GRANDMOTHER: Oh, you came to see Dorothy! The *idea*! [*To WESTON.*] Are you here to see Dorothy, too?

WESTON: Well I—that is—I—yes.

MISS EMMELINE: The idea of coming to see Dorothy!

Enter DOROTHY wearing coat and hat.

GRANDMOTHER [*severely*]: Where have you been? [*WESTON and BARLOW move back into background.*]

DOROTHY: Oh, Grandmother, I—I have been out walking with Harry Norton and he—he gave me a—a—ring for a Christmas present and—

WESTON: A ring! The boob! [*Exit.*] [*Exit.*

BARLOW: Here's my finish! No wedding bells for me!

DOROTHY: I am *so* happy! [*GRANDMOTHER and MISS EMMELINE glare at her in anger.*]

CURTAIN

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN MANY LANDS

HARRIETTE WILBUR

A WINDOW-FRAME, or an opening to resemble one, is placed in the center of a curtain. Each of the speakers, dressed in the national cap and gown of the nation she represents, appears at the window in turn and speaks her few lines. If desired, a herald outside the window may announce each in turn, though this is not necessary.

IN DENMARK

IN DENMARK we have many interesting Christmas customs, but there is one that belongs almost wholly to us, and that is "Blowing in the Yule." At sunrise, while yet the townspeople are at breakfast, the town band climbs the many steep ladders to the top of the church-tower and plays four old hymns, one to each corner of the compass, so that no one is forgotten. They always begin with Luther's "Mighty Fortress Is Our God," and those sitting in their homes always join in with the song as soon as they hear the first note. As the last strains of the fourth hymn die away, the big church-bells commence to boom out with their deep voices, and Yule is fairly under way.

IN SWEDEN

WE ALWAYS prepare for the Christmas festival by a thorough housecleaning, in which everything indoors and out is made spotless. At all times in the year we believe that "cleanliness is next to godliness" and so, in honor of the day, we prepare to celebrate it in a godly house. Nor do we forget the birds of the air, and a sheaf of wheat is placed on a pole in front of each house to provide them with food. The horses, cows, cats and dogs are not forgotten, but are given an extra portion of the best for their supper, because, when the Christ-Child was born, his cradle was in a manger among the cattle.

IN NORWAY

WE HAVE a pretty legend that on every Christmas eve the little Christ-Child wanders all over the world bearing on His shoulders a bundle of evergreens. Through city streets and country lanes, up and down hill, to proudest castle and lowliest hovel, through cold and storm and sleet and ice, this holy Child travels, to be welcomed or rejected at the doors where He pleads for help. Those who would invite Him and long for his coming set a lighted candle in the window to guide Him on his way hither. They also believe that He comes to them in the guise of any alms-craving, wandering person who knocks humbly at their doors for sustenance, thus testing their goodness. So we show hospitality to all who come to our doors, believing that such aid is done as unto the Christ-Child.

IN FRANCE

ON DECEMBER 4TH, which is the Feast of St. Barbara, our women plant St. Barbara's grain. We fill two, sometimes three, plates with wheat or lentils, set them afloat in water, and place them in the warm ashes of the fireplace, or on a sunny window ledge to sprout. This is done in order to foretell the harvest of the coming year, for, as St. Barbara's grain grows well or ill, so will the harvest of the coming year be good or bad. These plates of green grain are

placed on the table when the Great Supper is served on Christmas eve, the growing sprouts being a symbol of the harvest of the new year that is soon beginning. This feast is for the whole family, including the house servants, and farm-laborers, and any passing strangers or beggars who may be found in the country round. So it requires a long table, indeed, to accommodate the large number, often as many as forty. With the green grain of Saint Barbara is to be seen, in the center of the table, the Christmas loaf, its browned crust slashed with a cross, on which is a bunch of holly. This loaf is cut by the head of the house into as many portions as there are persons present, with one double-portion over to be given to some poor one in charity—called “the portion of the good God.” Fish, snails, thistle stalks blanched like celery and eaten with garlic sauce, seven different kinds of sweets, including candied fruits, candies and cakes, fruit and wine furnish the dishes for this feast; these are the stated dishes and cannot be changed, though the table by no means is empty, because the feast is somewhat in the nature of a fast. Some member of the family usually sees to it that the cat receives a large supply of food while the feast is going on, for it is well known that should the cat meow on Christmas eve, and especially while the supper is in progress, very dreadful things surely will happen to the family during the ensuing year. It is the rule of these family gatherings that all quarrels, which have sprung up in the year, shall be forgiven and forgotten before the family sit down. While the feast is in progress, the elder people usually tell stories of the doings of those who, in the past, have brought honor upon the family name; after the supper is over, noels are sung.

IN IRELAND

CHRISTMAS eve is the only time in the year when mass is ever said at night; it is observed in Roman Catholic countries at midnight because it is commonly believed that Christ was born at about that hour. It is one of the most touchingly beautiful church services of the whole year, par-

ticularly as it is performed amid the hills in certain districts of Ireland. About eleven o'clock each family prepares for the walk to the village church, young and old alike, all wrapped warmly and following the father, who leads the way with a lantern or torch. Soon little parties are seen coming from all directions, the lights flashing and flaming through the dark night. Usually someone in the party commences a hymn or carol, and as the different groups come nearer together they unite in a full chorus that echoes through the little village streets in one clear, sweet song. In the cities, the midnight mass is preceded by a period of bell-ringing from the different churches and cathedrals,—clang, clang, hammer! ding, dong, bell! bell, ding, dong! hammer, clang, clash!—as the bells announce the Nativity of Christ.

IN SPAIN

IN OUR land the Bethlehem manger is a necessary feature of the Christmas festival, both in churches and in homes. In the farm-houses and in the homes of the middle-class and the palaces of the rich the manger is to be seen, very simple or very elaborate, according to the worldly wealth of the family. On a table set in a corner is represented a rocky hillside, dusted with flour to look like snow—rising in terraces tufted with moss, grass, and little trees, and broken by paths and winding roads. At its base, embowered in holly or laurel, is a wooden or pasteboard representation of the inn; and beside the inn is the stable: an open shed in which are grouped little figures representing the several personages of the Nativity. In the center is the Christ-Child, either in a cradle or lying on a truss of straw; seated beside Him is the Virgin; Saint Joseph stands near, holding in his hand the mystic lily; with their heads bent down over the Child are the ox and the mule—for those good animals helped with their breath through that cold night to keep him warm. In the foreground are the adoring shepherds. Angels, pendent from the ceiling, float in the air above the stable. Higher is the Star from which

a ray (a golden thread) descends to the Christ-Child's hand. Over all, in a glory of clouds, hangs the figure of Jehovah, attended by a white dove. The making of the manger is especially the children's part of the season's festival, and a few days before Christmas they commence to gather their material: mosses, lichens, laurel and holly for the greens, and little clay figures for the personages.

IN GERMANY

NO GERMAN household is without its Christmas tree, and it is from the Germans that other countries have learned to use it. In some of the smaller villages, the presents made by the parents are sent to some one person, who, in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig, goes from house to house, bearing hampers and bags of gifts. This is Knecht Rupert. He is received with great solemnity, inquires into the characters of the children, and then proceeds to deliver toys to the deserving, and a rod from a bunch which he carries, to the naughty.

IN HOLLAND

CHRISTMAS day is devoted by the Hollanders to church-rites and pleasant family visiting. The evening of December 5th is known as St. Nicholas Eve, and this is the real pleasure time of the children. On this evening the very spirit of fun reigns supreme. In the midst of it a knock is heard, and St. Nicholas enters. You may be sure that the children are speechless with surprise and joy—one can hear a pin drop. St. Nicholas speaks kind words of greeting, mentioning each person present by name. He tells the children his opinion of their actions for the past year, not neglecting to chide those who have pulled the cat's tail or annoyed the school-mistress. He then wishes them all a Happy New Year, scatters a great shower of candies on a linen sheet spread out by the door. The children tumble over each other in their effort to secure sugar-plums, and in the excitement St. Nicholas escapes. Then each child, removing a wooden shoe that has been previously well scoured, lays it on the window-sill and fills it with oats and hay, or carrots, for the good Saint's horse. In the morning

the oats, hay and carrots are all gone, and the shoes are filled with gifts and candy.

IN RUSSIA

IN RUSSIA we have the story of Babousca. When the three wise men, seeing the star, started in search of the Christ-Child, they stopped at Dame Babousca's hut and asked her the way to Bethlehem. She refused to tell them, but, after they had gone, she was sorry, and, filling a basket with toys, said to herself: "I will find the men and together we will search for the Child and lay these gifts at His feet." So she goes about every Christmas eve, the same as your Santa Claus and the German Knecht Rupert, with her pack of presents, and when the children find their toys on Christmas morning they cry out: "Old Babousca has passed this way."

IN ITALY

CAROL-SINGING; the making of the Christmas manger; the performance of pantomimes and miracle plays, as well as several other customs that have become common in other countries, were originally celebrated in Italy. But we have one custom that has not become common, and that is "the urn of fate." This is a deep bowl filled with small gifts, with an occasional dummy package. Children and grown people, alike, take turns drawing from the urn. This causes much fun and merriment, particularly when a blank is drawn or a present that is a decided misfit, but in the end each one is satisfied with what best suits him. This urn is to us Italian children what the Christmas tree is to the young people of other countries.

IN WALES

THE CUSTOM of carol-singing is a commemoration of the song of the angels. This custom was, at one time, very popular in different countries of Europe, but of late it has been almost lost. But singing is as natural to us Welsh people as to the birds that fill our woodlands, and we have

dozens of carols that are popular at Christmas time. A party of singers will visit a home and sing before the closed door. A singer within responds in verses supposed to be thought out on the spot. The singers outside continue to sing until the singer inside is unable to think of further verses. Then the door is unbarred, the party of singers enter, and are entertained with Christmas dainties.

IN SCOTLAND

THE ITALIAN pantomime, or dumb show, became changed in England to mumming, and though the practice has about died out in most countries, it is still observed in some parts of Scotland. Scott says, in *Marmion*:

Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din.
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made.
But O! what maskers richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!

And he says that, when a boy, he often took part in these plays himself. There is, sometimes, a Father Christmas, a dragon, drummers, buglers and bagpipers, clowns, and a hobby-horse, and they perform a kind of play based on the Legend of Saint George and the Dragon. Sometimes these "Guisarts," or *guisers*, merely perform a "Hobby-horse dance." One person carries the image of a horse made of thin boards, and in his hand a bow and arrow. The arrow, passing through a hole in the bow, makes a snapping noise when drawn to and fro, thus keeping time to the music. With the hobby-horse dances six others, carrying on their shoulders deer heads; they dance various country dances. With the hobby-horse there is carried a box, into which the onlookers put small coins, and this money goes to purchase gifts and food for the poor. In making their presence known, these mummers call out in a sing-song manner:

“Hogmanay,
Trollolay,
Gie me o’ your white bread,
I’ll hae nane o’ your grey.”

They sometimes go about on New Year’s Day also, “hogmanay” being a form of an old French word meaning “new year’s gift.” Sometimes children go about mumming and dancing, and receiving the donations of money and cakes, which is later distributed to the poor of the district.

IN ENGLAND

WE SING carols, play games, eat our puddings and mince pies, but one of our oldest customs is: bringing in the Yule Log. This is a massive piece of wood; frequently the rugged and grotesquely marked root of an oak. It is drawn in triumph from its resting-place amid shouts and laughter, every wayfarer doffing his hat as it passes. It must be kindled with a charred brand of the previous year’s log. It is an emblem of the true light that dawned on the world at the birth of Christ. As an accompaniment to the Yule-Log there is a candle of monstrous size, called the Yule-candle, and this sheds its light on the festivities during the evening.

IN AMERICA

THE CHRISTMAS customs in America have been mostly transplanted from Europe: our Christmas tree from Germany; our Santa Claus from Holland; our Christmas-stockings from Belgium or France; “Merry Christmas” greetings from England; also our Christmas cards, plum-puddings, and mince-pies. There are charitable organizations to look after the needy, while Uncle Sam’s post-carriers undertake to deliver the many packages that are sent to the many absent friends and relatives. With the many other plants that have long been recognized as Christmas decorations we have included one native genus, the poinsettia.



CHRISTMAS DOLLS

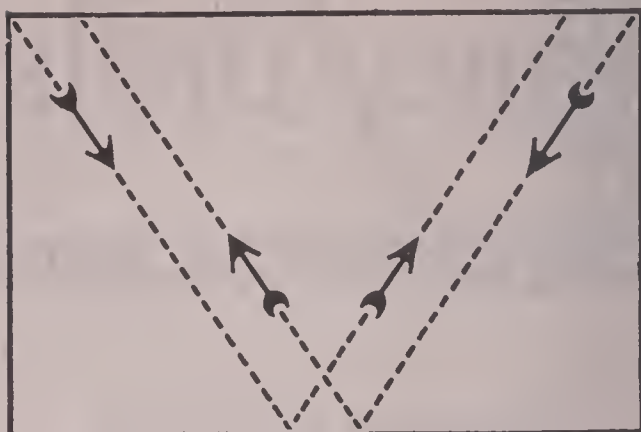
MARIE IRISH

FOR SIX BOYS AND SIX GIRLS OF THE PRIMARY GRADES

COSTUMES

EACH child is dressed to represent a doll, each having cheeks colored red. Of the girls one dresses as a Japanese; one as a negro mammy; one as a baby with a long white dress and a close-fitting, white bonnet; one as an Indian girl; one as a lady with a fancy colored dress and trimmed hat, while the other makes up as a rag doll. One boy dresses as a negro; one as an Indian brave; one as a soldier; another as a sailor; one as a worsted doll with leggings, sweater, stocking cap; and the other as an Esquimo. They all march with stiff, jerky steps and move the arms without bending the elbows.

Boys enter in single file at right corner of back of stage and girls at left corner; boys cross over to left corner in rear while girls pass to right corner; files pass down sides to front of stage and boys cross over from left corner of front to right side, while girls pass across to left side. As each couple meet at center of front they bow to each other in stately manner. Boys pass up right side and girls up left; at corners of back, turn and come down to center of front in diagonal lines. As the couples meet at center of front they bow again as before. Cross lines, boys going up left side and girls up right; meet at center of back and form couples. Come down the center to front in couples. First couple turns to right; second to left; third to right, etc. Pass up sides to back where each boy steps ahead of his partner and they form single files. March as shown in diagram.



As files come back to corners of back they form two lines across the rear of stage and all speak the following, with motions:

Christmas dolls are we (1), are we,
Fresh from Santa's factory;
(2) We shall all be given away.
On Christmas day; on Christmas day.

Some nice child will laugh with glee, (3)
When in her stocking she finds me; (4)
She will hug me just this way, (5)
When she gets me Christmas day.

We can smile so very sweet; (3)
Make a bow with style replete; (1)
We can throw you all a kiss, (6)
And dance a little, just like this. (7)

(1. Boys give a salute by touching right hand to right temple, then carrying hand out straight from head and dropping to side; girls drop a curtsy. 2. Both hands extended out to front. 3. Smile broadly. 4. Right hand over heart. 5. Bring arms together, as if hugging some one. 6. Throw kiss to audience. 7. Dance without bending knees.)

Those on back row now pass down right side of stage, others down left side, and on reaching corners of front they pass from there in diagonal lines to center of back, where they form couples and pass to the center of stage

in couples. Here each left-hand member turns to left, right-hand members turn to right, pass in single files to center of sides, and then in diagonal lines to center of front. The two who meet at center of front stand side by side; the others stand so as to form a V, and they all sing.

Tune: BILLY BOY

Oh, won't you be glad, little girl, little girl;
 Oh, won't you be glad, Christmas morning?
 If you find a doll like me, just as sweet as sweet can be,
 Peeping out of your stocking, Christmas morning?

Oh, I'm very good, little girl, little girl,
 For I think bad dollies are shocking:
 I'm as quiet as a mouse, never litter up the house;
 You'll be glad when you find me in your stocking.

All the boys pass to right, girls to left, march up sides
 of stage, meet at center of back, form couples, come down
 to front, then pass off.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

AN ACROSTIC FOR TEN TINY TOTS

EACH child should carry a large letter, except the last child, who has a card with T-R-E-E on it. The children should keep the letters out of view until ready to speak the line or lines each represents.

C FOR Candles and pop-Corn;
 H for Holly, red as morn.
 R for Ribbons trailing bright;
 I for Ice Crystals, silver white.
 S for Stars and Stockings hung primly;
 T for Toys, all tied up trimly.
 M—a Merry Christmas, all;
 A for Apples saved from fall.
 S for Santa Claus who comes
 Laden down with sugar plums.
 T-R-E-E, that's the Tree,
 Full of toys for you and me.

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY

A MOTION SONG FOR ANY NUMBER OF LITTLE GIRLS

THE children are seated in little rocking-chairs, each holding a doll dressed in a long white gown. They rock slowly in time to the music.

[1] At first "hush-a-by" they raise forefinger of right hand as if to insure silence.

[2] Kiss dolls.

[3] Very softly.

[4] Lay dolls in small cradles, standing near.

[5] At "hush" raise forefinger of the right hand warningly.

[6] Very softly.

[7] Rock cradles slowly in time to music, children kneeling on the floor.

[8] Turn toward audience.

[9] Very softly.

The words are adapted to the music of the familiar hymn

"SILENT NIGHT."

- (1) Hush-a-by, hush-a-by
Christmas stars are in the sky;
Sweet the bells of Christmas Eve,—
- (2) Babies each a kiss receive,—
Hush-a-by, good-night,
- (3) Hush-a-by, good night.

- (4) Lull-a-by, lull-a-by,
Babies in their cradles lie;
Everyone in white is gowned,
- (5) Hush, make not a single sound!
Lull-a-by, good-night,
- (6) Lull-a-by, good-night.

- Rock-a-by, rock-a-by,
 (7) Christmas tide draweth nigh;
 Quiet now the tiny feet,
 Babies sleep so still and sweet,—
 (8) Sweetest dreams, good-night,
 (9) Sweetest dreams, good-night!

SING A SONG OF CHRISTMAS

MARIE IRISH

MOTION SONG FOR A NUMBER OF CHILDREN BLACKED AND
 DRESSED AS NEGROES

Tune: MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

Dar's gwine ter be a merry time,
 Numbers 1, 3, 5, etc., face Numbers 2, 4, 6 and shake right
 hands at them.

Sing a song of Christmas day;
 All face front.

Jes' oughter hear de glad bells chime,
 Numbers 2, 4, 6, etc., face others and shake hands at them.

Sing a song of Christmas day.
 All face front.

Dar won't be any work ter do;
 All stand with hands on hips.

Dar'll be a happy time fer YOU;
 All point to audience.

Dar'll be some fun fer dis coon, too;
 Right hand over heart; smile broadly.

Sing a song of Christmas day.

Dar's gwine ter be a great big tree;
 Right hand raised, pointing upward.

Sing a song of Christmas day;

Wid lots of presents, massy me!

Both hands extended to the front.

Sing a song of Christmas day.

*Dar'll be some candles, red and blue,
An' dar will be some gifts fer you;*
Right hand pointing to audience.
Dar'll be some gifts fer dis coon, too;
Strike attitude, right hand over heart; smile broadly.
Sing a song of Christmas day.

Dar is a fat man you all know;
Hands touching, out in front of body, outlining a fat person.

Sing a song of Christmas day;
He lives up North where white bears grow;
Clasp hands in fear and look anxiously from side to side.
Sing a song of Christmas day.

He has jes' heaps and heaps of toys;
Both hands extended upward and to the front.
He brings 'em to good girls and boys;
Strike attitude; right hand over heart.
A-bein' good I jes' enjoys;
Arms folded; eyes rolled upward; very sober face.
Sing a song of Christmas day.

What I wants mos' fer Christmas, oh!
Right palm on cheek; elbow in left palm; head inclined to the right.

Wants de mos' fer Christmas, oh!
A watermillion, big as SO;
Fingers touching, out in front of body, outlining a large melon.

Yum, yum, yum; a melon, oh!
Hands up by mouth, as if holding a large piece of melon.

Dar won't be any work ter do;
Right hand across left arm, as if playing a fiddle.

Dar'll be a happy time fer YOU;
Right hand pointing to audience.

Dar'll be some fun fer dis coon, too;
All join hands and dance forward, gayly.
Sing a song of Christmas day.
Still holding hands, dance backward, then bow low.

THE CHRISTMAS TOYS ON PARADE

HARRIETTE WILBUR

FOR TEN BOYS AND TEN GIRLS OF THE PRIMARY GRADES

CHARACTERS

BOYS

- 2 BALLS
- 2 TIN SOLDIERS
- 2 JUMPING-JACKS
- 2 JACK-IN-THE-BOXES
- 2 TEDDY-BEARS

GIRLS

- 2 FRENCH DOLLS
- 2 JAPANESE DOLLS
- 2 BABY DOLLS
- 2 BOOKS
- 2 WALTZING-TOPS

COSTUMES

BALLS: Long, tight, black hose reaching to the knees; knee-length clown suits of black cambric lining, made very full so as to stand out in globular effect, and trimmed on body and sleeves with numerous balls of orange tissue-paper. The caps are immense, globular turbans of black, each with a tissue-ball on the top. They carry short wands with big balloons on the ends, and orange streamers.

TIN SOLDIERS: Long, blue trousers strapped down the outer seams with white; tight red coats, trimmed with gold and white; white gloves; little, round caps; pasteboard swords covered with silver-paper or paint.

JUMPING-JACKS: Very tight harlequin suits, one whole side being green and the other yellow, with scalloped points at neck, sleeves and ankles. The head covering is a flappy cap, much like a Brownie hood, one side being green and the other yellow. They carry canes with ribbons of green and yellow.

JACK-IN-THE-BOXES: Black hose; purple waists; big white ruffs, and purple liberty caps. Each one has an immense, gray pasteboard (milliner's) box, large enough to reach from armpits to knees, and held in place by straps over the shoulders.

TEDDY-BEARS: Footed pajamas of gray cotton-flannel; hoods of the same, fitted closely about the face, and with little wired ears.

FRENCH DOLLS: Pale blue muslin dresses, made long-waisted and short-skirted; pink sashes and hair ribbons; white hose and slippers. They carry white parasols with pink bows.

JAPANESE DOLLS: Kimonos of bright red, and carry fans.

BABY DOLLS: Long night-gowns of white, and night-caps, and carry unlighted candles.

BOOKS: White dresses; mortar-board caps of black, and spectacles. Each one has, at front and back, a large rectangle of black cambric, fastened at the shoulders and tacked to the skirt. The front square

of one book bears the words, in large white letters, "*Mother Goose Rhymes*;" the other one is: "*Alice in Wonderland*."

WALTZING-TOPS: Pink tarlatan dresses made with very short full skirts, trimmed with numerous ruffles of the goods, much like a ballet costume; pink hose and slippers.

(If fewer characters are desired, some of these may be omitted.)

MUSIC: A military march.

THE two Tin Soldiers enter at rear, march briskly up the front; salute the audience with swords; about face and march to rear, down sides, across front, and halt at either side at rear, facing each other.

Pianist plays a waltz—the one from *The Pink Lady* would be a good one. The two French Dolls, with opened parasols, enter with the following steps: Advance on right foot; bring left foot beside right, at the same time rising on toes; settle down on heels; one measure. On next measure, step forward on left foot; bring right beside left and rise on toes; then settle down on heels. Repeat these steps to front; bow archly to audience; return to rear, halting in place beside the Tin Soldiers.

Pianist plays a ragtime. The two Balls enter, turning somersaults or cartwheels; advance so to front; bow to audience, and somersault to positions beside the French Dolls.

Pianist plays a simple arrangement of "Three Little Maids from School," from *The Mikado*; the two Japanese Dolls enter with little running steps; drop down on their knees and bow to the floor in salutation to the audience; then run back into place beside the two Balls.

Pianist plays a ragtime and the Jumping Jacks hop in with high leaps, keeping time to the music. They hop to front; halt; jump up and down four times; bow four times to left and to right; jump up and down four times; then hop into position beside the two Japanese Dolls.

Pianist plays a lullaby and the two Baby Dolls enter, rubbing their eyes. They walk very slowly to the front; yawn two or three times; smile sleepily at audience; yawn again, and very slowly walk into position beside the Jumping Jacks

Pianist plays a slow march and the two Jack-in-the Boxes come in, squatting as low as possible, with boxes raised so as to cover their heads. They advance to front; suddenly leap up, at the same time letting boxes drop into position about bodies, so as to show heads; smile and bow to audience; squat on heels again; raise boxes to cover heads, and creep into position beside the two Baby Dolls, whereupon they rise to full height and lower boxes.

Pianist plays some soft, simple melody and the two Books enter with slow minuet steps; bow solemnly to audience, and take position beside the two Jack-in-the-Boxes.

Pianist plays a bear-dance and the two Teddy-Bears come loping in; circle about center of stage; bow to audience, and lope into position beside the Books.

Pianist plays a quick waltz and the two Waltzing-Tops come whirling in; circle swiftly about in center; wave hands to audience and bow, and whirl into position at extreme front ends of lines.

When all have thus entered, they should be arranged in two lines, one on each side of the stage, thus:

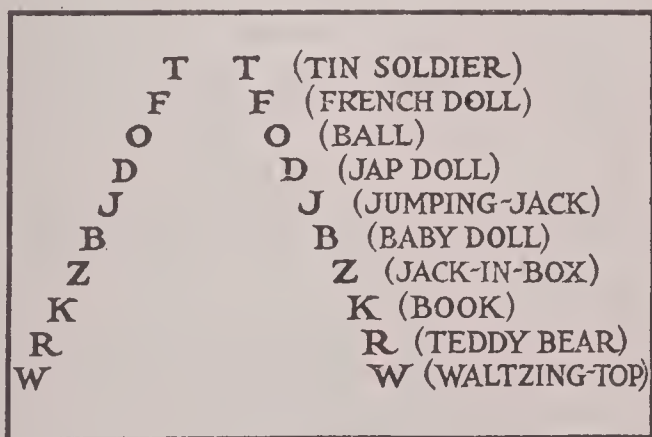


DIAGRAM NO. 1

(In further diagrams, the different children will be represented by the letters as in Diagram No. 1. The two T's are the leaders of their lines, unless otherwise specified.)

Pianist plays a march.

1. Leaders take their lines up the center to front; across front, down sides, across rear. Repeat as desired and halt, as in Diagram No. 1, making the lines parallel instead of oblique.

2. Lines march toward each other to center of stage; bow to *vis-à-vis*; about face, and return to position at side. Repeat as desired.

3. Lines march toward each other to center, each child passing about its double, back to back; return to position with backward steps. Repeat.

4. Lines march forward; pass each other to opposite side of stage; about face, and return to original positions. Repeat.

5. Lines advance to center; clasp double's hand and turn about; then return to original position. Repeat.

6. Using W as a pivot, the leader of line at the left of stage swings line into position across front of stage, while the leader of the right-side line marches into position along rear, as in Diagram No. 2.

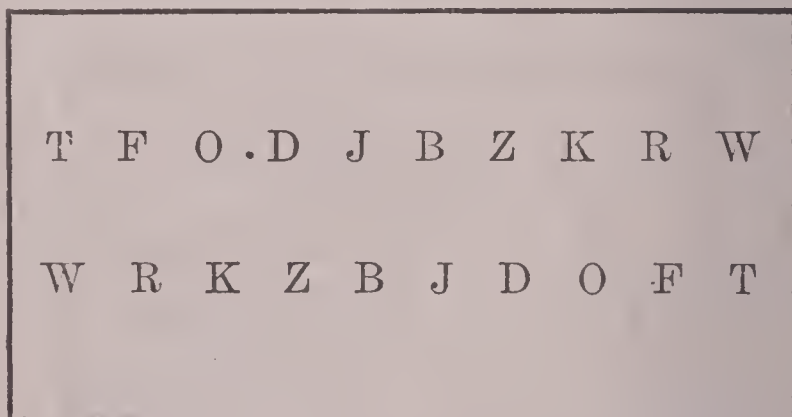


DIAGRAM NO. 2

7. Lines face each other and repeat exercises 2-5.

8. Leader of line across front takes line down right side, while leader of line at rear marches up left side. Leaders take lines about outside of stage until complete circuit is made.

9. Leaders march diagonally across stage, lines passing to left of each other, as in Diagram No. 3.

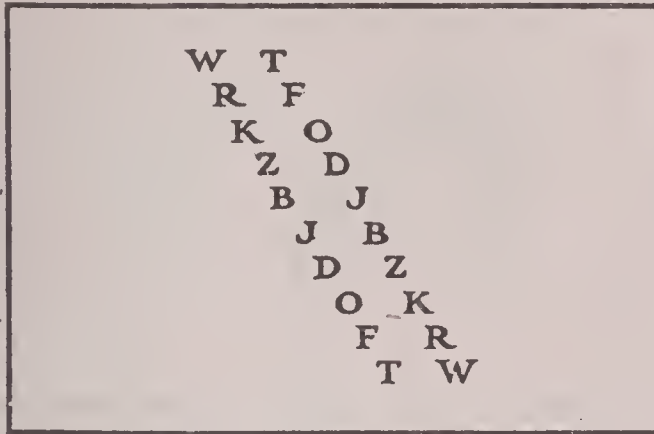


DIAGRAM NO. 3

Then leaders take lines along sides, and diagonally across from left front and rear right. Repeat as desired, halting in position as in Diagram No. 2.

10. Leaders march to meet each other, meeting at center as in Diagram No. 4.

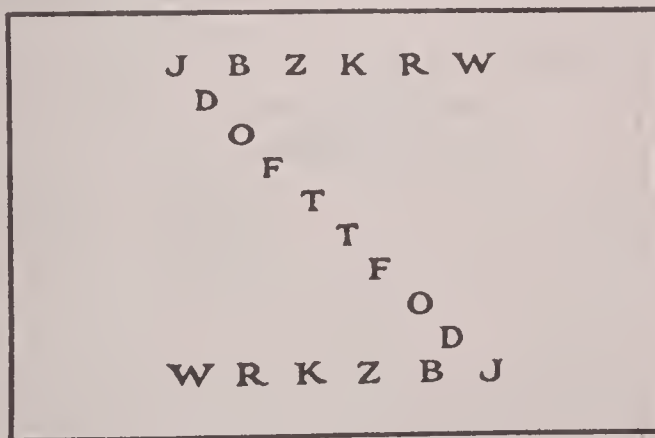


DIAGRAM NO. 4

Each leader then turns to his right; takes lines toward sides of stage; then up front, leaders meeting at center front. Then both lines march down center to rear; sep-

arate and march about stage in two circles, as in Diagram No. 5.

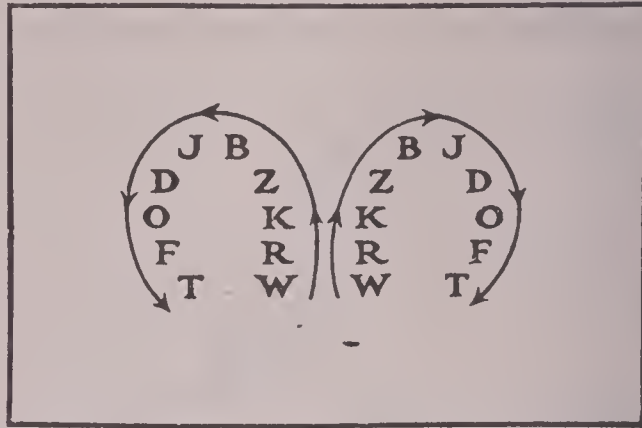


DIAGRAM NO. 5

March in the two circles as desired.

11. Meeting at center, the two leaders march to rear; then side by side to the right side of stage and up toward front, followed by their lines in groups of twos, as in Diagram No. 6.

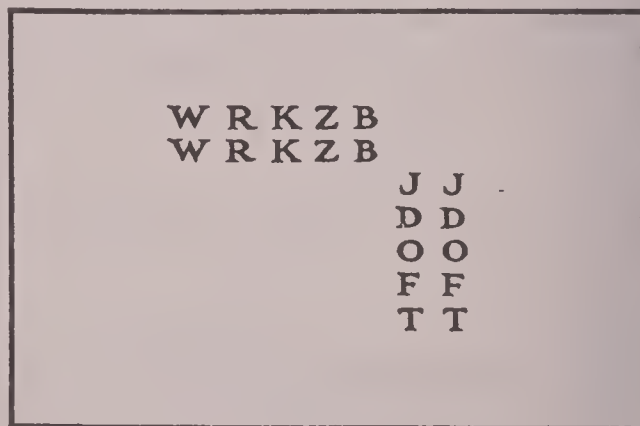


DIAGRAM NO. 6

March about stage in large circle, by twos.

12. Partners separate, and thus form two concentric circles, as in Diagram No. 7.

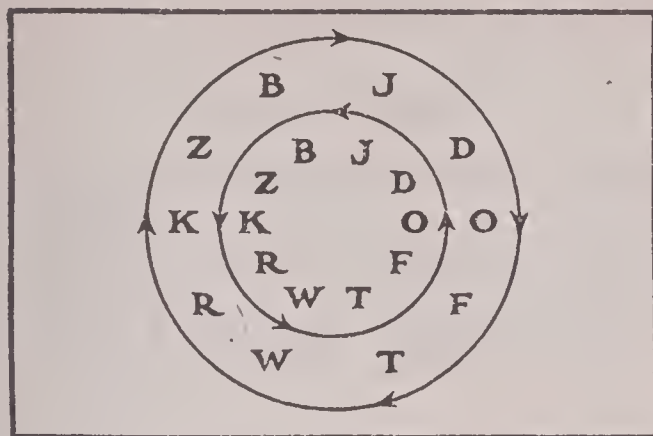


DIAGRAM NO. 6

T remains the leader of outer circle, while W becomes the leader of the inner; the two circles thus march about in opposite directions.

13. When T's reach position as in Diagram No. 1 they halt; the others fall into line as they are able.

EXIT: Pianist plays the same as in the entrance, for the different toys, and they leave the stage in groups of twos, in the same manner and order as they entered.

“MERRY CHRISTMAS”

HARRIETTE WILBUR

FOR FOURTEEN CHILDREN OF THE PRIMARY GRADES

COSTUMES

EACH child carries a large shield of white pasteboard having a cloth handle pasted firmly on the back at the center and a large red letter of paper or cloth pasted on the front. Tiny bells fastened at intervals about the edge of each shield will furnish a pleasing tinkle.

The first child to enter carries the M; he advances to the front and recites the first line of the following acrostic, and then walks over to a position at the rear left of the stage. The second child then enters, carrying E, advances to the front and recites the second line of the acrostic, and takes position at the left side of the M. Each of the fourteen thus enter in turn.

MUSIC: An appropriate march.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

M for the Music, merry and clear;
 E for the Eve, the crown of the year;
 R for the Romping of bright girls and boys;
 R for the Reindeer that bring them the toys;
 Y for the Yule-log, softly aglow.

C for the Cold of the sky and the snow;
 H for the Hearth where they hang up the hose;
 R for the Reel which the old folks propose;
 I for the Icicles seen through the pane;
 S for the Sleigh-bells, with tinkling refrain;
 T for the Tree with gifts all abloom;
 M for the Mistletoe hung in the room;
 A for the Anthems we all love to hear;
 S for Saint Nicholas,—joy of the year!

—*Anonymous*

WHEN all the children have entered, they are standing along the rear forming the words: MERRY CHRISTMAS. Pianist plays, while they drill as follows:

1. Shields forward in front, back to chest. Repeat.
2. Shields forward at left and left foot one step advanced; shields back to chest and foot to position. Repeat.
3. Repeat 2 at right.
4. Shields up before face; back to chest. Repeat.
5. Shields down to floor; back to chest. Repeat.
6. Shields at arm's length to the left; back to chest.
7. Shields at arm's length to the right; back to chest.
8. Alternate 6 and 7.
9. Shields forward; then above head; then to floor; then on chest. Repeat.
10. Bend body forward, at the same time thrusting shield out in front; then stand erect and bring shield to chest. Repeat.

11. Bend forward, at the same time raising shield overhead; then stand erect and lower shield to chest. Repeat this.

12. Odd-numbered children repeat 1, while even-numbered children repeat 4.

13. Odd-numbered children repeat 4, while even-numbered children repeat 1.

14. Odd-numbered children repeat 6, while even-numbered children repeat 7.

15. Odd-numbered children repeat 7, while others repeat 6.

16. Odd-numbered children repeat 4, while others repeat 5.

17. Odd-numbered children repeat 4, while others repeat 5.

18. Numbers 1 and 6—those carrying the first M and the C—hold shields on right shoulder. Others place theirs a little lower down, until M, A, and S kneel, the last one placing her shield on the floor. They thus form the following tableau:

M E R R Y

C H R I S T M A S

19. Each child holds her shield at the left hip. M leads the line toward the rear and then in a circle about the stage, and as they circle about they will make a revolving greeting.

20. M stops in position at the center in rear of the stage, and holds her shield on right shoulder. E stops in front of her and holds her shield just below that of M. The others fall into position and form the tableau as given on the next page.

M	C
E	H
R	R
R	I
Y	S
	T
	M
	A
	S

21. Repeat 19.

22. Halt in position, front row kneeling, for this tableau:

M E R R Y
C H R I S T M A S

23. Repeat 19.

24. Form this tableau, each holding his shield a trifle lower than the preceding one:

M E R R Y
C H R I S T M A S

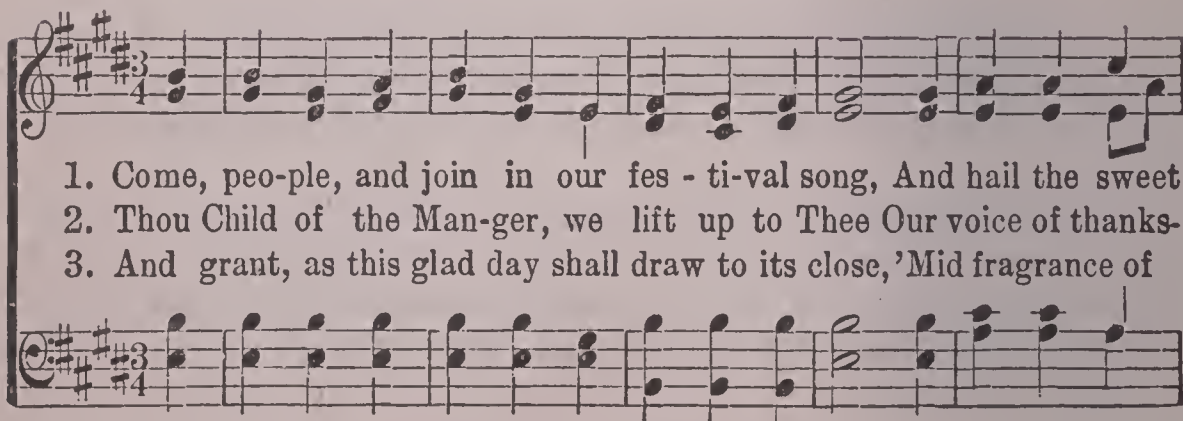
25. Repeat 19.

26. Halt in position to form:

M E R R Y C H R I S T M A S

FINALE: Sing the following song, then repeat 19 and exit.

Merry Christmas




1. Come, peo-ple, and join in our fes - ti-val song, And hail the sweet
2. Thou Child of the Man-ger, we lift up to Thee Our voice of thanks-
3. And grant, as this glad day shall draw to its close, 'Mid fragrance of

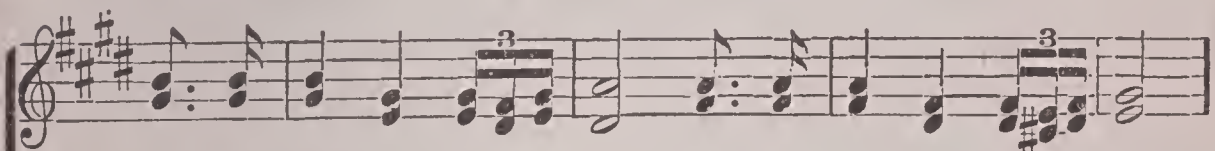
Merry Christmas—Concluded




joys Christ-mas day brings a - long; We'll join our glad voic-es to-
giv - ing, our glad ju - bi - lee, Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear
pine bough and per-fume of rose, No sor-row may reach us, nor



geth-er in praise, To Him who has blessed us, and brightened our days.
Sav-ior, we pray, That from Thy blest pre-cepts we nev-er may stray.
a - ny grief come, To shad-ow the joy in our ha-ven of home.



Mer - ry Christ-mas to all, mer - ry Christ-mas to all.



Mer-ry Christ-mas, Merry Christmas, Mer-ry Christ-mas to all.

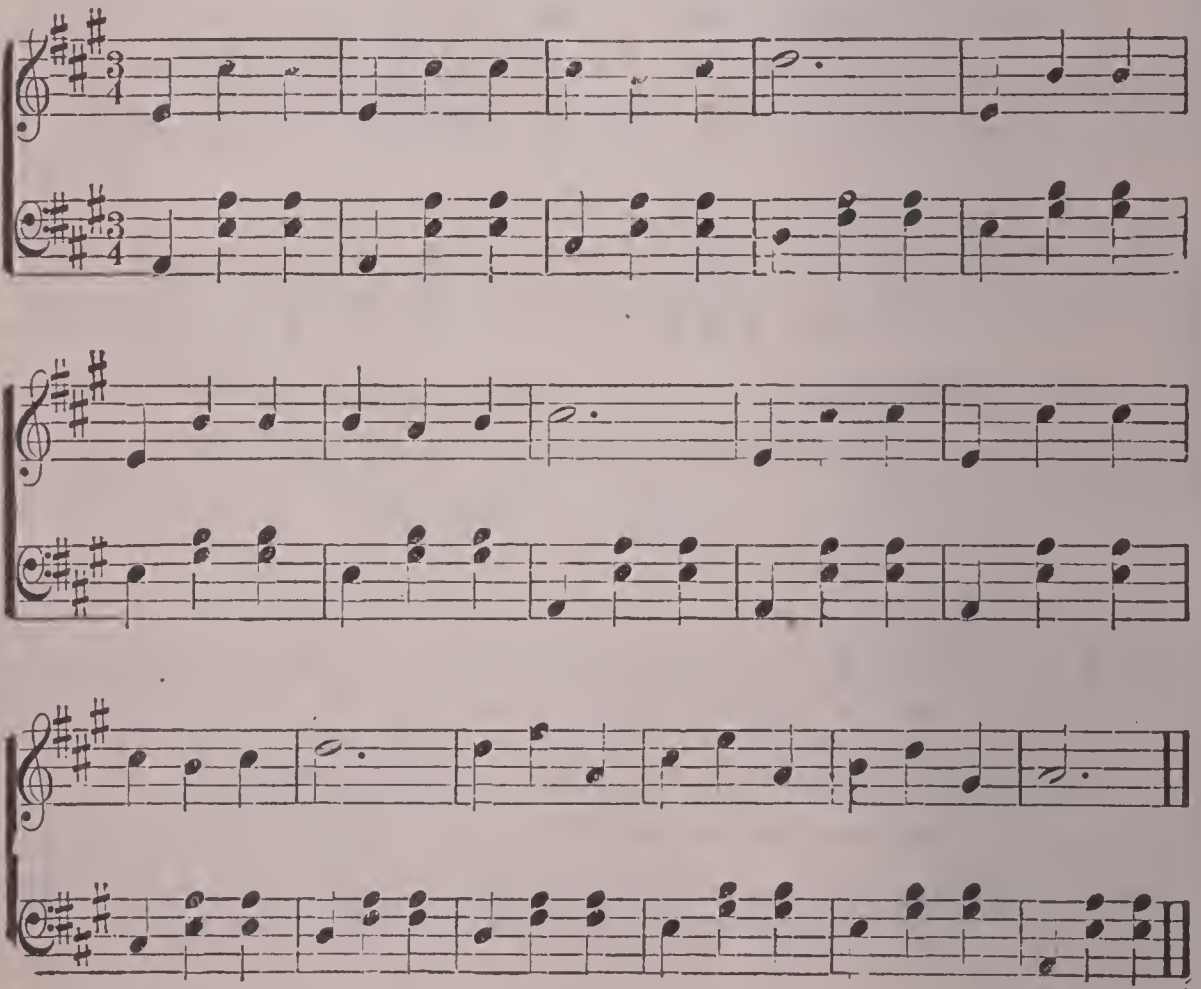
THE DANCE OF THE CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

HARRIETTE WILBUR

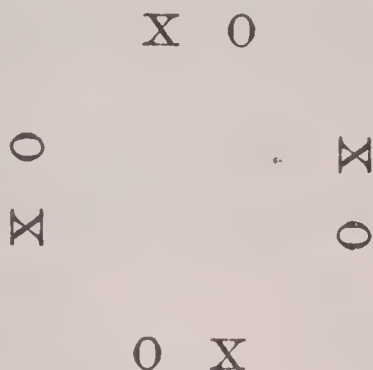
FOR EIGHT GIRLS, OR FOUR GIRLS AND FOUR BOYS OF THE
INTERMEDIATE GRADES**COSTUMES**

THE girls wear long night-gowns of white, on the front and back of which is a great, red cambric stocking, reaching from the shoulders to the knees. Nightcaps on heads. The boys wear white pajamas, with black cambric stockings at back and front, and little round white caps on their heads.

MUSIC: The pianist plays the accompanying waltz over and over while the children execute the figures following. Each alternate repetition is played an octave higher than it is written.



1. Pianist commences to play, and the children enter by twos—a boy and a girl—hand in hand. They advance thus: On the first count they place left foot out at left side; on second count place left foot ahead; on third count place right foot beside left. They gradually take positions as in formation for a quadrille, as shown in diagram. (In the diagram, X is the girl and O represents the boy.)



If the children are not in position at the end of the sixteen measures the pianist can repeat the music (but not an octave higher). The two couples who must about face will be able to do so and keep the step after a little drill.

2. Pianist plays the waltz an octave higher than written. The children bow to each other, and then dance the right-and-left figure twice around, partners meeting with a bow on last measure. To dance the right-and-left, each child faces its partner, touching right hands. Still facing in the same direction, each child continues on *around* the circle, giving her left and right hands alternately to the girls she meets. While this movement may seem hard at first, it really is very easily learned.

3. Pianist plays the waltz as written. Head couples walk to center and back, using the same step as in entering. Side couples repeat. (Each group takes eight touch steps in this exercise; four steps toward center and four back to position.)

4. Pianist plays the waltz an octave higher. Children repeat 2.

5. Pianist plays the waltz as written. Head couples meet at center and cross over, girls passing inside, partners

turning each other; then crossing back to original positions and turning each other once more. Side couples repeat.

6. Repeat 2.

7. Head couples dance the dos-a-dos movement, viz: four steps to center, turn about each other, girls inside, back to back, then without turning, walk back four steps to place. Side couples repeat; then head couples and then side. (Children walk with common step in this figure.)

8. Repeat 2.

9. Head girls walk to center, touching right hands in passing, turn opposite boys with left hand, cross back to place, touching right hands in passing, and turn partners. Side girls repeat.

10. Repeat 2.

11. Boys repeat 9.

12. Repeat 2.

13. Each of the four girls walks to center, clasps right hand with opposite girl, and the four circle about once, then turn partners twice. Girls repeat a second time.

14. Repeat 2.

15. Boys repeat 13.

16. Repeat 2.

17. Couples circle to the left, using touch step as when entering, and exit.

THE DANCE OF THE CHRISTMAS CANDIES

HARRIETE WILBUR

FOR TWELVE SMALL GIRLS AND ONE SMALL BOY

COSTUMES

SIX of the girls are PEPPERMINT STICKS; each of them wears a straight, scant sack-apron of white, and on the head a very tall cylinder of white paper. On the body of the apron and on the hat are painted or pasted scarlet stripes that run spirally around toward the bottom. Each carries a large peppermint cane. Six of the girls are

LOLLIPOPS; each wears a straight scant sack-apron of brown cambric; this forms the "stick"; the lump of candy at the end of the "stick" is made of red or yellow cambric, cut like an immense round bottle with a short neck. The neck part slips over the head, and at the front is cut out for the face; the bottle part is wired to stand up high above the head. Each LOLLIPOP carries several "all-day-suckers."

The boy wears a long white confectioner's apron, and a little round white cap. A tiny French moustache and goatee would add to his appearance.

Curtain rises, showing the twelve girls arranged in two lines as in Diagram No. 1. (P represents the PEPPERMINTS, and L the LOLLIPOPS.)

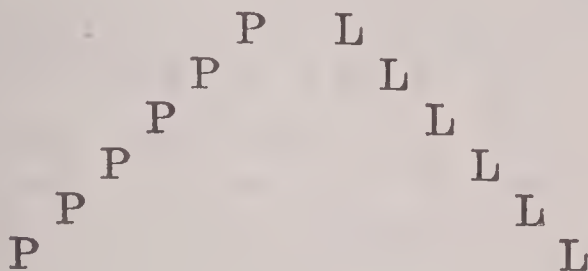


DIAGRAM NO. 1

THE boy enters briskly from rear, and walks up center to front. He greets the audience with an elaborate bow, hand on heart. He may carry a sauce-pan and an immense spoon, if desired. The children sing the following CANDY SONG B indicating the boy's part, P the PEPPERMINTS, L the LOLLIPOPS. The boy should sing with good expression, much as though talking.

Pianist repeats the music for the chorus, while the boy bows and runs off and the girls swing into position at center of platform, as in Diagram No. 2. (Girls look toward front.)

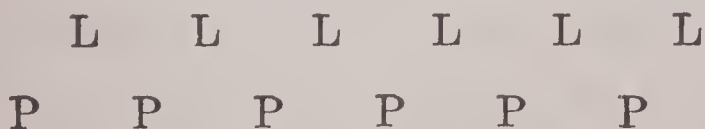


DIAGRAM NO. 2

The Candy Song

HARRIETTE WILBUR

Old Tune

Boy:

1. What is it chil-dren love to see, Up - on the shin - ing
 2. What is it chil-dren love the best Of all their gifts, from
 3. So, if you want to please a boy, Or give a girl just

All:

Christmas tree? Or in a stock - ing hail with glee? Why,
 east to west? And nev - er, nev - er let them rest? Why,
 lots of joy, Be sure their taste will nev - er cloy On

Pep: *Lol:*

Christ-mas sweets and can - dies! Pep-per - mints! Lol - li-

rit.

Pep: *All:*

pops! Pep-per - mints! In all the can - dy - shops.

For the dance the pianist plays Dvorak's "Humoreske." When first taking up the drill, if the instructor will number the measures of her copy, it will be found much more easily followed. Pianist plays slowly, and with marked accent.

A. Measure 1. (Count four beats to the measure.) On first beat tap left toe at left side; on second beat tap left toe to the right side, crossing feet; on third beat tap left toe to left side; on fourth beat step forward on left foot.

B. Measure 2. On first beat tap right toe to side; on second tap right toe to the right side, crossing feet; on third beat tap right toe to left side; on fourth beat step forward on right foot.

C. Measure 3. Repeat A.

D. Measure 4. Turn half-way about in four steps, thus facing rear.

E. Measures 5, 6, 7, 8. Repeat A to D, thus coming about to face front again, standing in original positions.

F. Repeat A to E.

G. Measures 9 and 10. On first beat of measure 9, each girl takes a long swinging step to the left, and as an afterbeat she swings the right foot into position beside the left, at the same time rising on toes; at the second beat she settles back on heels; on the third beat she takes another step to the left, immediately swinging right foot into position beside the left and rising on toes; on the fourth beat settles back on heels. Repeat these same steps for measure 10.

H. Measures 11-12. Repeat the side-steps as in G, but to the right.

I. Measures 13-14. Repeat G.

J. Measures 15-16. Repeat H, ritarding with the music.

K. Measures 17-24. Repeat A to E.

L. Measure 25. On the first four notes each girl takes four tiny running steps forward (equivalent to two beats); on the third beat she bends her knees quickly in a little courtesy, at the same time raising arms horizontally at sides; on the fourth beat she straightens knees and drops arms.

M. Measure 26. On the first beat each girl touches left foot to side; on second beat she brings left foot back to position; on third beat she touches right foot at side; on fourth beat she brings right foot into position. If desired, the corresponding hand may be extended to the side, and brought back, in time with the foot.

N. Measure 27. Repeat L.

O. Measure 28. Repeat M.

P. Measure 29. Repeat L.

Q. Measure 30. Repeat M.

R. Measure 31. Repeat L.

S. Measure 32. Turn half-way about in four steps, thus facing rear.

T. Measures 33-40. Repeat L to S, at the close being in original positions, facing front.

U. Measures 41-48. Repeat A to E.

V. Measures 49-56. Repeat G to J, but the PEPPERMINTS all keep going toward the left, and the LOLLIPOPS toward the right, until at the close of measure 56 not a girl is in sight.

THE MARCH OF THE CHRISTMAS TREES

HARRIETTE WILBUR

FOR EIGHT BOYS AND EIGHT GIRLS OF THE INTERMEDIATE
OR GRAMMAR GRADES

COSTUMES

THE boys are dressed in "Boy Scout" uniform. Each carries a small evergreen or Christmas tree bough, which should be three feet long and large enough to form a good-sized tree in the last figure. There are also eight girls, dressed in white, carrying strands of tinsel five feet or more in length. If preferred, the girls may carry chains of colored papers, all red, green-and-red, or rainbow mixtures.

MUSIC: An appropriate march.

Boys enter, with trees on shoulders, and march about the

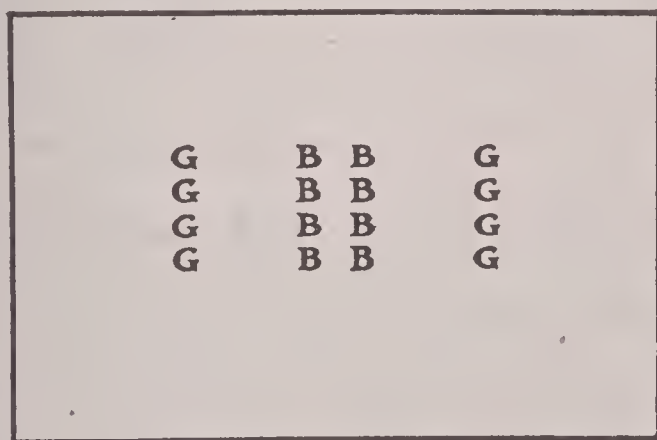
stage and halt in a line along rear. Girls enter, hands on hips and strings festooned from hand to hand, march about stage, and halt in line along front.

1. Boys march forward and girls march toward rear, with backward steps. Reaching front and rear, boys return to rear with backward steps, and girls to front.

2. Girls face boys and hold chains high. March to meet; at center pass about each other by twos, back to back, and return to original positions.

3. End boys march diagonally across the stage, until they meet; others swing into line, and they thus form a double row down center. The girls, meanwhile, break into two lines and follow end girls down sides. Boys form four arches by holding their trees obliquely upward, tips touching. Girls march by twos down this aisle, swinging chains slightly, from left to right, as they walk. Girls circle about thus twice.

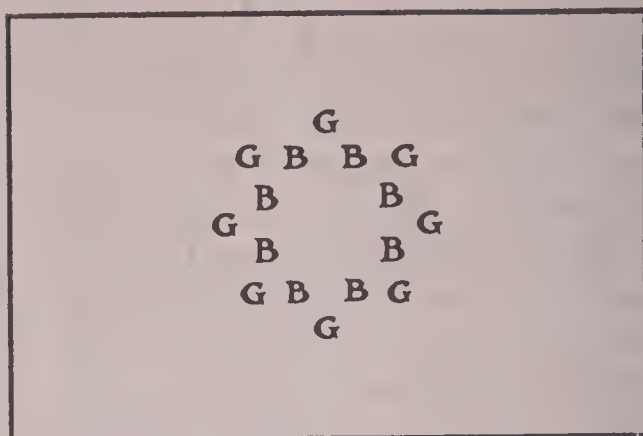
4. The two lines of boys turn back to back and the two lines of girls halt at sides of stage, facing boys, as in this figure:



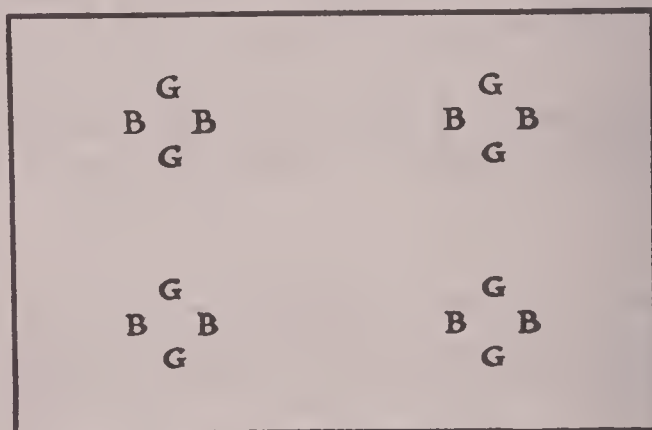
5. Each group of four boys and four girls repeat 2.

6. Boys about face, form arch, and girls repeat 3.

7. Boys bring trees into "carry arms" position, and circle about. Girls hold chains high and circle about in opposite direction, thus:



8. Halt in two groups, as in 4, and repeat 2.
9. Form four groups of two girls and two boys each, as in this figure; circle about twice.



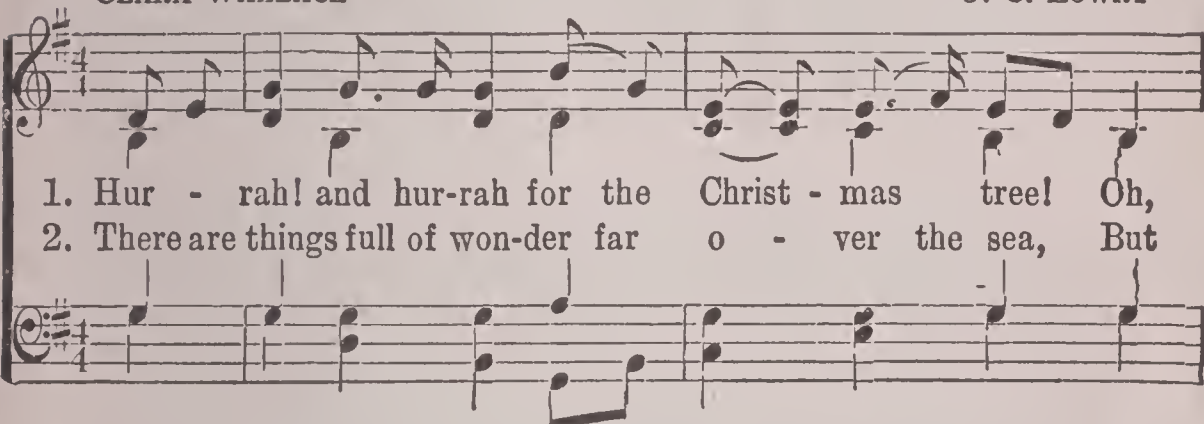
10. Halt in two groups, as in 4, and repeat 2.
11. Repeat 7.
12. Boys face center of their circle and extend trees toward center. Girls circle about, weaving in and out.
13. Boys march in circle, with trees at "carry arms," while girls kneel in circle outside.
14. The two circles march in opposite directions, weaving in and out.
15. Girls spread into a half-circle at rear, marking time and swinging chains to left and right. One boy steps into the center, and holds his tree high on his shoulder. The seven boys extend the tips of their trees toward him, to graze the tip of his tree, and circle about.

16. Boys halt; three form half-circle facing outside, with trees at carry arms, and four kneel in a half-circle in front of the three. The branches are held so as to form the front view of a Christmas tree. (Several rehearsals will be needed to form this satisfactorily.) The girls circle about the tree, swinging chains high at the side. At last

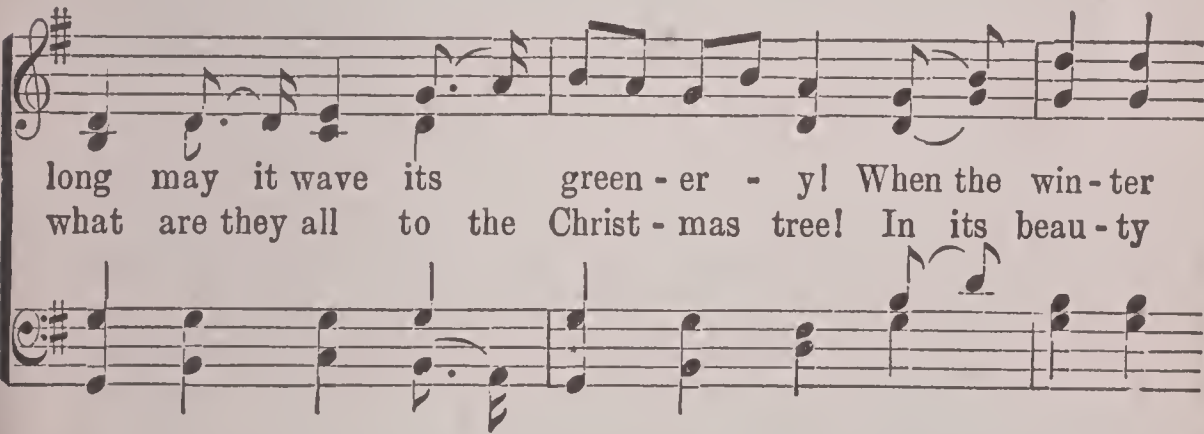
Hurrah for the Christmas Tree

CLARA WALLACE

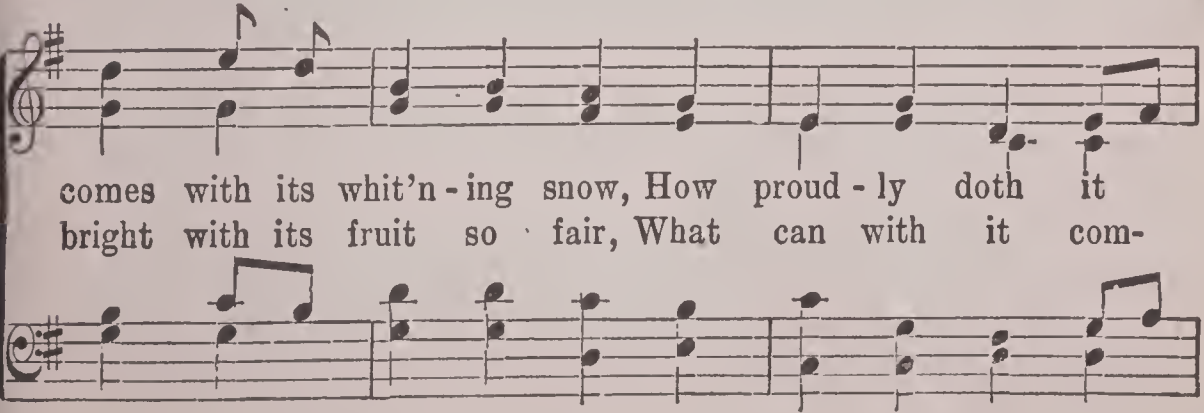
J. C. LOWRY



1. Hur - rah! and hur-rah for the Christ - mas tree! Oh,
 2. There are things full of won-der far o - ver the sea, But



long may it wave its green - er - y! When the win - ter
 what are they all to the Christ - mas tree! In its beau - ty



comes with its whit'n - ing snow, How proud - ly doth it
 bright with its fruit so fair, What can with it com -

Hurrah for the Christmas Tree—Concluded

grow! Hur - rah! hur - rah for the Christ - mas tree, Its
pare?

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked with a '3' above them. The lyrics 'grow! Hur - rah! hur - rah for the Christ - mas tree, Its pare?' are written below the notes. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

boughs all fresh, and its wealth all free! Tho' the sturd - y

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'boughs all fresh, and its wealth all free! Tho' the sturd - y' are aligned with the notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

oak for - sake the land, This ev - er - green shall stand.

The third system concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a final cadence. The lyrics 'oak for - sake the land, This ev - er - green shall stand.' are written below the notes. The bass staff also concludes with a final cadence.

they toss their chains on the tree, form in a half-circle behind the tree, and all sing.

After singing they hold the tableau until the curtain closes, or if there is no curtain the boys disentangle their trees and march off in single line, the girls scampering off on either side of them.

THE HOLLY WREATHS

HARRIETTE WILBUR

FOR SIX GIRLS OF THE INTERMEDIATE OR GRAMMAR GRADES

COSTUMES

FULL-skirted white dresses, trimmed about the bottom, neck and sleeves with tissue-paper or cambric wreaths of holly,—green for the leaves and red for the berries, with red bows at intervals. Also wreaths for the hair. Each girl carries a wreath of holly in her hand, which may be either the genuine foliage or a pasteboard circle covered with the tissue or cambric leaves, berries and bows.

MUSIC: A waltz.

GIRLS enter in a single line, from each side, three in each. They advance to the front, using the following step: Forward on right foot at first count; touch left toe one step forward on second count; touch left toe one step backward on third count. Forward on left foot at first count; touch right toe one step forward on second count; touch right toe one step backward on third count. While stepping, the wreaths are thrust forward on first count, to left side on second, dropped to knees on third, etc. Repeat these steps about the stage, as desired, and halt in line across the front.

Girls now recite Eliza Cook's poem, given below. All speak the first four lines, then one girl recites alone the four lines indicated by No. 1; all recite the next four lines; another girl takes up the four lines marked No. 2; another the four lines marked No. 3, etc. Those who recite *en solo* step forward slightly while speaking.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY

ALL:

The holly! the holly! oh, twine it with bay—

Come give the holly a song;

For it helps to drive stern winter away,

With his garment so sombre and long!

No. 1:

It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,
And its leaves of burnished green,
When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
And not even the daisy is seen.

ALL:

Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,
That hangs over peasant and king;
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

No. 2:

The gale may whistle; the frost may come
To fetter the gurgling rill;
The woods may be bare, and warblers dumb,
But holly is beautiful still.

No. 3:

In the revel and light of princely halls
The bright holly branch is found;
And its shadow falls on the lowliest walls,
While the brimming horn goes round.

No. 4:

The ivy lives long, but its home must be
Where graves and ruins are spread;
There's beauty about the cypress tree,
But it flourishes near the dead.

The laurel the warrior's brow may wreath,
But it tells of tears and blood;
I sing of holly, and who can breathe
Aught of that that is not good?

ALL:

Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,
That hangs over peasant and king;
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

—Eliza Cook.

The girls then sing the following carol: "The Holly and the Ivy." If they can sing in four parts, or in two, it will be more effective, though all may sing in unison, if necessary.

The Holly and the Ivy

Old French Carol Tune

1. The Hol - ly and the I - vy, now both are full well-
2. The Hol - ly bears a ber - ry, as red as a - ny
3. The Hol - ly bears a bark, as bit - ter as a - ny

grown; Of all the trees that spring in wood, the
blood, And Ma - ry bore sweet Je - sus Christ, to
gall, And Ma - ry bore sweet Je - sus Christ, for

Hol - ly bears the crown. The Hol - ly bears a blos - som
do poor sin - ners good. The Hol - ly bears a prick - le,
to re-deem us all. The Hol - ly and the I - vy,

The Holly and the Ivy—Concluded

As white as a lil - y flow'r; And Ma-ry bore sweet Je-sus Christ to
 As sharp as a - ny thorn, And Ma-ry bore sweet Je-sus Christ on
 Now both are well - grown; Of all the trees that are in the wood, the

be our sweet Sav - ior, to be our sweet Sav - ior.
 Christmas Day in the morn, on Christmas Day in the morn.
 Hol - ly bears the crown, the Hol - ly bears the crown.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence in both staves.

The girls now recite Southey's poem, "The Holly Tree," all reciting the first stanza and each a stanza alone.

THE HOLLY TREE

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see

The holly tree?

The eye that contemplates it well, perceives

Its glossy leaves,

Ordered by an intelligence so wise

As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen

Wrinkled and keen;

No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,

Can reach to wound;

But as they grow where nothing is to fear,

Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme;
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere;
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I, day by day,
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What, then, so cheerful as the holly tree?

So, serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem amid the young and gay,
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.

—*Robert Southey.*

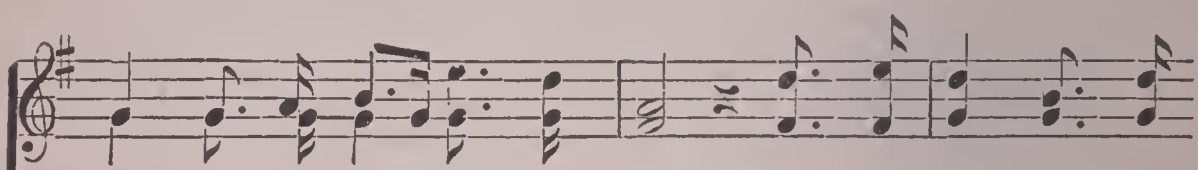
Girls now sing the following adaptation of Miss Cook's poem:

Sing the Holly

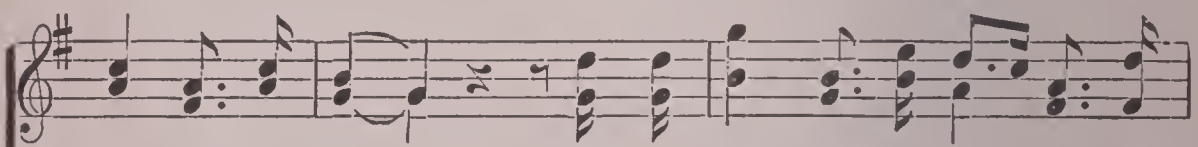
BELLINI



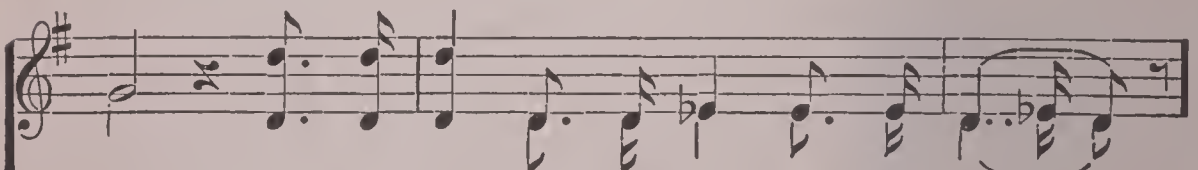
1. Sing the hol - ly! Oh, twine it with bay; Come
2. Sing the hol - ly! the fair Christ-mas bough That



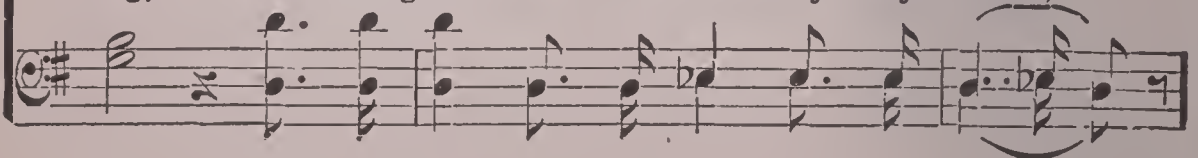
give to the hol - ly a song, For it drives the stern
hangs o - ver peas-ant and king, While we laugh in our



win - ter a - way With his gar - ment so som - bre and
joy neath it now, To the rare Christ-mas hol - ly we'll



long; When the flow'rs and the fruits all are dead,
sing, For the gale and the frost they may come,



Sing the Holly—Concluded

And not e - ven the dai - sy is seen, It comes with its
To fet - ter the mu - sic - al rill, In the woods all its

ber - ries of red, And its leaves in their glos - si - est green.
war - blers be dumb, But the hol - ly is beau - ti - ful still!

Pianist plays a waltz or a melody in 6-8 time. Girls take this position:

3 4
1 2 5 6

1. Bring each wreath down in front, with both hands; raise over head. Repeat four times.
2. Wreath held in both hands, against breast; bring cut in front, and back to breast. Four times.
3. Wreath held against breast in right hand; raise high to right. Four times.
4. Repeat 3 with left hand.
5. Nos. 1, 3 and 5 hold wreath in right hand, Nos. 2, 4 and 6 hold wreath in left. Hold wreath against breast one count; high to side one count. Repeat four times.
6. Change wreaths to other hand, and repeat 5, partners thus crossing wreaths.
7. Partners hold wreaths high, touching, and march in circle. Circle once, then about face and circle again.

8. Wreath held against breast, in both hands, then out to right side. Repeat four counts.

9. Repeat 8 at left.

10. Alternate 8 and 9.

11. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 touch wreaths in one group; Nos. 4, 5 and 6 in another. Both groups circle about once, then about face and circle again.

12. Repeat 7.

13. Nos. 1, 3 and 5 kneel, holding wreaths up, while partners circle about once. Then Nos. 1, 3 and 5 rise while partners kneel.

14. Hold wreaths over head in both hands and march in one large circle, marching toward the left. Circle about once, then about face and circle again, waving wreaths high.

15. About face; hold wreath in right hand at arm's length, to touch shoulder of one in front; circle about once. About face and circle; holding wreath in left hand to touch shoulder of girl in front.

16. Halt in original position, with wreaths in both hands. Hold wreath against breast, then on right shoulder.

17. Repeat 16 at left.

18. Alternate 16 and 17.

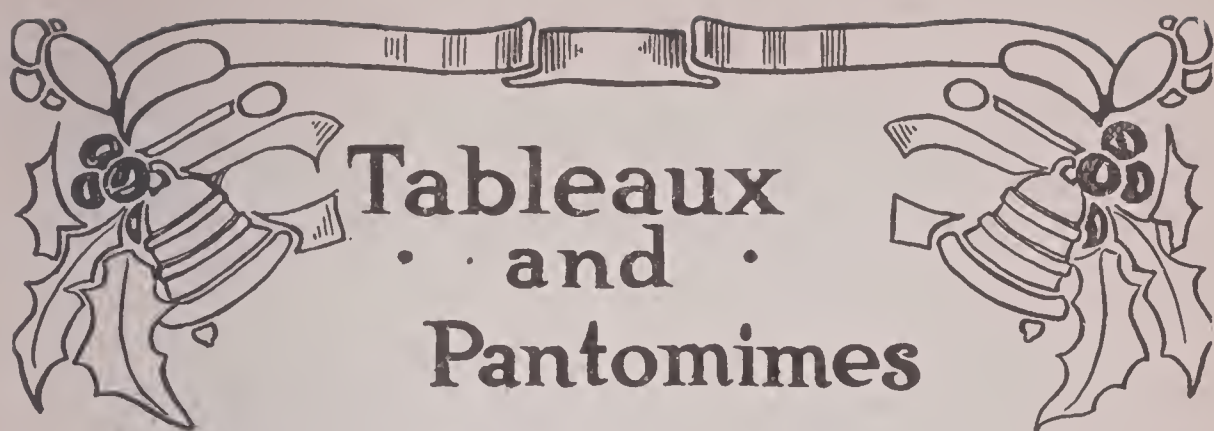
19. Wreaths forward, to left shoulder, to right shoulder, to breast. Repeat four times.

20. Lunge forward on left foot, at the same time raising wreath high at left front; bend forward and lower wreath to knee, then lift high at left front, then drop to knee and step back to place. Four times.

21. Repeat 20 at right side, four times.

22. Partners face each other and repeat 20 and 21.

23. Repeat 14 and 15 and march off.



BESSIE'S CHRISTMAS DREAM

MARIE IRISH

UPON the wall at the back of stage hangs a large cloth stocking, at least three feet long. It should be stuffed with paper or cloth to almost the top. To the outside of the stocking are pinned a number of dolls of various sizes and kinds, while from the top of the stocking peep forth at least six more. In a tiny rocking-chair, with face toward the stocking, profile to the audience, sits a little girl, her hands clasped in her lap, head bent forward, fast asleep. As a bright light is thrown upon the scene, the following lines are read:

OH, such a lovely Christmas dream as little Bessie had!
A monstrous stocking full of dolls—enough to make six
 children glad.

Plump dollies fat, and dollies small,
With dollies short and dollies tall;
Stylish ladies with curls and bows,
Sweet little tots in long white clothes.
Every one such a beautiful dear—
They fill Bessie's heart with Christmas cheer.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

MARIE IRISH

HAVE dark background and at the center of back of stage arrange three boxes or pedestals, which should be covered with dark cloth. Let one pedestal be higher than the other two—the lower ones being placed somewhat to the front and at the sides of the highest one. From the ceiling above the highest pedestal suspend a large, red paper bell, from which hangs a two-inch strip of red paper. Three girls, each dressed in white, hair flowing, stand upon the pedestals,

the one at the back being taller than the other two. She looks up toward the bell and in her hand holds the strip suspended from it. One girl smiles at the audience and holds in her hand a wreath of holly—or evergreen if holly is not available. The other girl holds in her arms a dolly, at which she is smiling lovingly. Bright light is thrown upon the scene and these lines are read:

OH, the bells peal forth and merrily say:
 “Peace and good-will this glad Christmas day.”
 The bright holly breathes the spirit of cheer,
 And love kindles fires in hearts that were drear;
 While countless children are filled with the joy
 Which comes with the gift of a Christmas toy.

CHRISTMAS SCENES

MARIE IRISH

A SONG WITH A SERIES OF TABLEAUX FOR A NUMBER OF
 CHILDREN

I.—*Hanging the Stockings*

As the song (which is sung by voices behind the scenes) begins, four or five children enter, each carrying a long stocking which has a loop sewed to it so that it may be hung upon the wall quickly and easily. There should be a nail for each stocking in a row upon the wall.

Tune: MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

’Tis Christmas eve and the children all are gay,
 For Santa is coming, ere long;
 [*Children enter in line, dance gayly across the stage and back again.*]
 Each child on the wall where the dim shadows play,
 Must hang up a stocking large and strong.
 [*Children stand in a row and each holds up stocking toward audience.*]
 ’Tis Christmas eve and their hearts beat with delight,
 [*Each child hangs stocking on wall and comes back to line.*]
 As visions of gifts fill each mind;
 Alas! how tiresome; how long will be the night,
 Waiting till their treasures they shall find.

[At word 'alas' each child raises right arm, with forearm bent so hand touches chin; then tips head to side, lays cheek against the arm, and holds till chorus begins.]

Chorus:

Sing a song of Christmas; of presents fair and bright;
[Children stand erect; hands at sides; faces very smiling.]

Now tired eyelids droop, for the hour is growing late,
[Shoulders droop; heads drop forward; eyes close.]

Off to bed all must scamper; so good-night.
[Each child makes a low bow; then they run from stage.]

CURTAIN

II.—*Filling the Stockings*

THE stockings remain hanging on the wall as at the close of No. I. As the singing begins, bells are rung softly off stage, and just before Santa Claus enters he calls out: "Whoa! steady there; stand still!" A boy dressed as Santa Claus, with a pack of presents from which to fill the stockings, takes the part of Saint Nicholas.

THE hour grows late; hark! the bells ring soft and clear!

A clatter of hoofs you may hear;

With his big sled and his nimble white reindeer,

Good old Santa Claus is drawing near.

He enters now, with his pack upon his back,

[Enter SANTA CLAUS.]

From the land of big icebergs and snow;

Of toys and goodies there's sure to be no lack

For the stockings hanging in a row.

[SANTA looks at the row of stockings; laughs at them; then begins quickly to put some presents in each one, working rapidly.]

Chorus:

Sing a song of Christmas; of presents fair and bright;

He fills up the stockings, then jolly Santa Claus

[Finishes filling stockings.]

Wishes all the sleeping children good-night.

[Bows, smiles, waves hand and passes off.]

CURTAIN

III.—*Christmas Morning*

THE stockings, filled with presents, hang as at the close of No. II. The children who were in Scene I now enter, wearing long white night-gowns—the girls with hair hanging about their faces.

WHILE darkness still holds the world in its embrace,
 The children come running to see,
 [*Children come running onto stage.*]
 The bulging stockings, each hanging in its place;
 Oh, they laugh and dance about with glee!
 [*Dance about and clap their hands.*]
 Each claims his stocking and without more delay,
 [*Each child takes stocking from wall; sits on chair, begins
 to pull out presents, and hold them up for others to see.*]
 The contents doth quickly explore.
 And thus beginneth a merry Christmas day—
 May good Santa live forever more!

Chorus:

Sing a song of Christmas; presents fair and bright;
 [*Children stand up in a row, each with stocking in one
 hand and presents in the other, and a bright light is
 turned on; children smiling while gazing at gifts.*]
 The merry day all too soon will pass away,
 So enjoy the hours ere cometh the night.

CURTAIN

NEWSBOY TIM

A Pantomime

MARIE IRISH

THE scenes are acted as the words are read by some one at side of stage. Across stage, several feet from the front, have a curtain which parts at the center and can be drawn to each side. Just in front of this parting have a long, rather low box to represent a door-step. Back of the curtain have a branch of evergreen fastened to wall, trimmed with candles, bright tinsel, etc., and a number of presents fastened to it. The front of stage should be very dimly lighted. As the curtain is drawn the scene back of it should be brightly lighted.

'Tis Christmas eve and newsboy Tim,

With no one to love or care for him,

Small boy enters at side, dressed in thin, ragged clothes, carrying some papers. Comes very slowly toward center.

No cheerful home to which to go,

Wanders on in the cold and snow.

Moves slowly forward, stopping to gaze about the street. From back of the curtain handfuls of white paper, torn into fine pieces to represent snow, are thrown upon him.

No one cares for papers to-night;

The crowds are thronging the big stores bright;

Tim looks about stage, holding up paper as if to attract buyers.

While Tim, as they go passing by,

Thinks of his meager funds with a sigh.

Puts hand in pocket, brings out few coins, shakes head sadly.

At last, quite lonely, tired and depressed,

He sits upon a door-step to rest,

Sits down on box at center of stage, drops head on hand.

And as the snow falls, soft and white,

A Christmas carol floats on the night.

Handfuls of paper snow are thrown upon him from over the top of the curtain. Several voices back of scenes sing:

Tune: HE LEADETH ME (Chorus only.)

Good people, let us all be gay,

While keeping this glad holiday;

Let all the earth be filled with cheer,

For Merry Christmas day is near.

As the music ceases the curtains are drawn apart, several feet at the center, back of the box on which Tim sits.

Then the door behind him opens wide,

A sweet-faced woman comes to his side;

A woman comes forward and bends over Tim. Back of her are several small children, smiling happily.

While happy children with much delight

Lead Tim to a room all warm and bright.

The children help Tim to rise and lead him back into room behind the curtain.

“Won’t it be fine,” they cry with joy,

“To share our Christmas with this little boy?”

Children motion Tim to look at presents.

And Tim smiled gladly, for now he knew

His Christmas was going to be happy, too.

Children stand grouped about Tim, each holding out a present to him and smiling gayly.

CURTAIN

SALLY’S CHRISTMAS

A Pantomime

CHARACTERS—STAGE ARRANGEMENT

SALLY CONNOR; MRS. CONNOR, the sick mother; MISS HUSTED, who plays Lady Bountiful; GRACE, EDNA, DOCTOR NORTON. Characters do the acting, as the words are read by some one at side of stage.

ACROSS stage, several feet from the front, hang a curtain which can be easily drawn aside. Back of this curtain place a cot, a couple of old chairs and a small table.

SCENE I.

Christmas Eve

MRS. CONNOR lies on cot covered with old quilt; Sally, poorly dressed, with small shawl about her, sits near table, upon which are a few dishes, and a lighted candle.

It is a cold, bleak Christmas eve, and the wind whistles dismally around the poor house where live Sally Connor and her mother. Little Sally draws her thin shawl more closely about her [*SALLY shivers and pulls shawl closer*] and wipes away the tears that *will* come when she remembers it is Christmas eve. [*Shakes head sadly and wipes eyes.*] *Such* a dreary Christmas outlook! Her mother sick; scarcely any food in the house; and mother had said Santa Claus couldn’t possibly find them this year. [*SALLY wipes eyes.*] Surely good Saint Nicholas would bring them something if he knew what hard luck they were having. Why not write him a letter! [*SALLY rises eagerly.*] Mother is asleep and will never know. [*She tiptoes over and looks*

at her mother, then comes back to table.] It is late to send it but, perhaps, it will reach Santa in time so he can bring them a few little presents. [SALLY gets pencil and a piece of soiled paper; sits at table and begins to write.] It is hard for Sally to write, because girls who have to work all day do not have a chance to go to school, but mother has taught her evenings, so she can write well enough to make Santa Claus understand her troubles. How surprised mother will be and how glad when the presents come. There; it is finished. [SALLY folds up paper, rises, tip-toes over and looks at her mother, then hurries from the room.] Now she must get it safely into the mail-box on the corner and be back before mother shall awaken. If only Santa gets it in time! [As SALLY passes off the curtain is drawn across the stage, ready for the street scene.] Sally hurries eagerly down the cold street, [She enters at right side, in front of curtain, and at the same time a tall girl, nicely dressed with coat, hat and furs, comes on at the other side] grasping the precious letter closely in her hand. Suddenly she stops [SALLY halts and begins to rub her eyes] as she remembers that she has no stamp for her letter—nor even an envelope. [MISS HUSTED stops near SALLY and puts her hand on the child's shoulder.] "What is the matter, my dear?" a kind voice asks and Sally looks up to find a sweet-faced young woman by her side. "My letter can't go," Sally sobbed. "My letter to Santa Claus, an' now we won't get any presents an' mother is sick, an' we're so poor an'—oh, dear!" [MISS HUSTED puts arm around SALLY.] "Now suppose you let me take the letter," suggests the young woman. "I know just where dear old Santa Claus is to be found to-night, and I'll see that he gets this. [SALLY gives her the letter.] "Will you surely give it to him?" Sally asks, eagerly. "And don't forget to tell him we live in the old house over there. [SALLY points and MISS HUSTED nods head.] Now, I must run home before mother wakes up." [SALLY turns and runs from stage. MISS HUSTED opens note and reads.] The tears come to the young lady's eyes as she reads Sally's sad little letter, and she resolves to help Santa Claus bring a bit of


Christmas cheer to the poor child and her sick mother
[*Passes off.*]

SCENE II.


Christmas Morning

MRS. CONNOR lies upon the cot; SALLY walks about the room looking eagerly in corners and under the table.

CHRISTMAS morning has come and Sally hunts anxiously for the tokens from Santa Claus. Surely he will come! The kind lady upon the street would not fail to give him the letter, she is sure. But the closest search reveals nothing, and Sally sighs as she begins to prepare her mother's meager breakfast. Perhaps he will come by and by—but Tillie Rankin said Santa Claus always came while it was dark. [SALLY *cuts two thin slices of bread from a loaf and places them upon a plate.*] Poor mother looks so sick; if only she could have a good Christmas dinner, Sally is sure she would feel better. If only—*only* Santa Claus could bring a bottle of medicine like Jennie Horton's mother had to make her well. Oh, why must Christmas be such a sad day when it ought to be merry? [SALLY *pours some weak tea from an old tea-pot.*] "Your breakfast is almost ready, mother," Sally says cheerfully and, at that instant, comes a rap upon the door. Before Sally can open it two happy children enter, followed by the kind young lady. [*Enter* MISS HUSTED *with* GRACE *and* EDNA—*two little girls with pretty coats and caps—all three carrying packages.*] "Merry Christmas," they all cry. "Santa Claus was so busy he just *couldn't* come, so we are his helpers. This dolly is for you [GRACE *holds up a doll*] and we have some nice things for your mother, too." [*They put packages upon table.* MISS HUSTED *goes over to cot and takes* MRS. CONNOR's *hand.*] "And, oh, here comes our doctor who is going to make your mother well." [*Enter* DOCTOR, *who goes to* MRS. CONNOR, *feels pulse; opens medicine chest; gets out bottles, etc.*] Happy Sally can only smile for joy. Santa Claus *did* remember them and Christmas is going to be merry, after all! [SALLY *laughs as the little girls put packages upon table.*]



Pantomimed Songs



MERRY CHRISTMAS DAY

TO BE given by a number of girls dressed in white trimmed with ever-green, hair tied with green ribbons, each carrying a branch of ever-green or of holly. The girls can sing the words and act them as they sing, or they can be sung by voices off stage and the girls pantomime the lines.

Tune: OLD BLACK JOE

1. *High in the heavens Christmas stars are shining
bright;*

Right hand holding holly raised and pointing upward.

Sweet Christmas songs softly float upon the night;
Left hand moved with a sweeping gesture from the right
out to the left.

Peace upon earth and to all mankind good-will,
Step forward with right foot, right hand with holly raised
and held to the front, palm down.

And may the loving Christmas spirit each heart fill.
Right hand with the holly over heart. As line is completed
bring right foot back to former position.

Chorus:

*It's coming! It's coming! The merry Christmas
day;*

Right hand with holly held at height of shoulder, at right
side.

Hang up the holly, we'll be jolly Christmas day.
Raise holly and wave it above the head, smiling happily.

2. *Plump, round mince pies are upon the pantry shelf;*
Hands held in front of body to outline a circle.

Plum puddings rare, but don't you help yourself!
Shake a warning finger at the audience.

Stockings are hung firmly on the chimney wall,
Half of girls point to right, and others to left.

*And soon good Santa Claus will come with gifts for
all.*

Step forward with right foot, both hands extended to the front.

Chorus, same as before.

3. *Gay Christmas trees stand, with branches green and
tall,*

Right hand with holly pointing upward, as if to top of tree.

Loaded with horns, balls and dollies, large and small;
For horns, hold left hand in front of mouth, curved like a horn; both hands to outline a circle for ball; hands held to measure a large doll and then a small one.

You must watch out and be careful what you do,
Shake warning finger; then fold arms and look very meek.

*And then old Santa Claus will bring some gifts for
you.*

Right foot forward; both hands extended to front.

Chorus, same as before.

GOOD SANTA CLAUS

To BE pantomimed by several children with elaborate gestures

Tune: AULD LANG SYNE

1. *A long, long, LONG way off from here,*
Step forward with right foot and extend right hand as far as possible to the front.

'Mid icebergs and reindeer,
Left hand pointing up high, eyes looking up for icebergs; thumbs standing up at side of top of head, and fingers spread and pointing up for antlers of reindeer.

There dwells a man for whom we watch

Right hand shading eyes; body inclined forward, as if looking into distance.

About this time of year.

Though he's most as old as the stars,

Strike attitude of old man; body bent; left hand on hip; right hand pointing upward.

His heart is young, oh, ho!

Right hand on heart; smile and bow.

He drives his reindeer with great skill,

Hands out in front, sawing, as if driving wild team.

As he scoots through the snow.

Right hand swung forward from the left shoulder obliquely to the right, as far as possible, stepping forward with right foot. Quick movement.

2. *But Santa Claus is up-to-date,*

Right hand forward; convincing gesture; left hand on hip.

And we think, by and by,

Right hand against side of head; scowl, as if thinking.

In a new-fangled flyin' machine

Both arms waved up and down at sides.

He will sail through the sky.

Right hand raised high; sweeping gesture from left to right.

And should it chance to spill him out—

Both hands on hips; gaze upward with terrified expression.

It's apt to, sure as sin!

Hands brought together with a slap.

I hope 'twill be above MY house,

Right hand laid across heart.

So Santa can drop in.

Both hands held up, as if to catch him; eyes looking upward.

3. *Our parents say that Santa Claus*

Likes children who are good,

Both hands out slightly; nodding heads, moving lips, as if talking

Who never scold, or pout, or fight,
Scowl and move lips, look sullen and pout, then shake fist
at audience.

Who carry water and wood.
Bend forward arms out as if encircling a large armful of
wood.

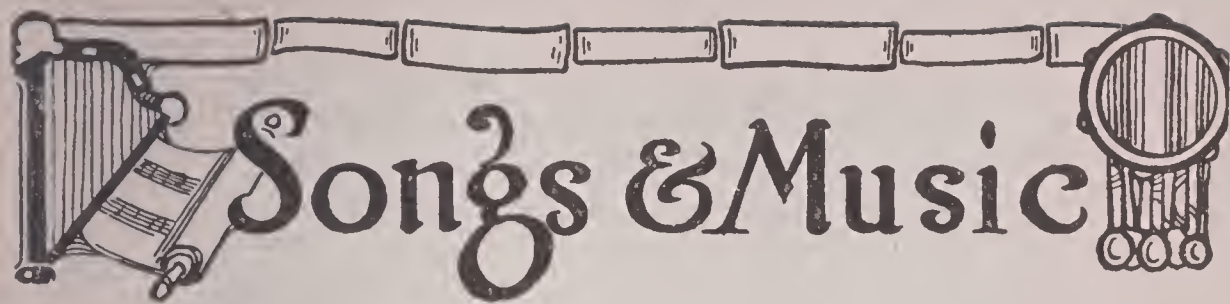
Oh, Santa, we are VERY good,
Stand very stiff and straight; faces drawn very long; eyes
rolled upward; arms folded across breast.

And we love you, we do,
Same position as in last line, nodding heads gravely.

So here's a hug and great big kiss

We'd like to send to you.

Reach forward with arms out, as if encircling a large per-
son, then bring hands together tightly at center of breast;
step forward with right foot and throw a kiss with loud
smack.



CHRISTMAS TIME

THOS. B. WEAVER

Tune: YANKEE DOODLE

CHRISTMAS time is drawing near
With jolly old Kris Kringle;
Oh! how glad we'll be to hear
His tiny sleigh-bells jingle.

Chorus:

Santa loves the boys and girls;
Santa is a dandy;
Santa brings us lots of toys,
And fruits and nuts and candy.

From the Northland far away,
Where it is cold and dreary,
Santa comes with loaded sleigh,
To make our Christmas cheery.

Chorus

Down the chimneys, large and small,
While every one is sleeping,
With his pack of gifts for all,
Old Santa Claus comes creeping.

Chorus

Soon we'll trim the Christmas tree,
And wreath the rooms with holly;
Santa will be glad to see
His little friends so jolly.

Chorus

Now three cheers for old Saint Nick,
So good and kind and clever;
How we wish he'd come right quick,
And stay with us forever.

Chorus

CHRISTMAS BELLS

THOS. B. WEAVER

Tune: SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL

THE bells, the merry Christmas bells,
Are ringing sweet and clear;
Each one a blessed message tells
Of love and Christmas cheer.

Chorus:

Merry Christmas; merry Christmas;
Let the whole glad world a carol sing,
And praise the Babe of Bethlehem—
Now our Savior, Lord and King.

The bells of praise in notes sublime,
Like heaven's choir of old,
Repeat in holy Christmas chime,
The story angels told.

Chorus

The bells of peace ring out again,
This happy Christmas morn;
Of peace on earth, good-will to men,
And how our Lord was born.

Chorus

The bells of charity and love,
Their gifts of Christmas bear;
And with the gifted throng above,
Unite in praise and prayer.

Chorus

CHRISTMAS DAY

Tune: WHEN YOU HEAR THE FIRST WHIP-POOR-WILL CRY

Oh, come where the lights are all shining,
Where hearts are all happy and gay;
Where myrtle and holly are twining,
For this is the glad Christmas Day.

Chorus:

Ring the bells, ring the bells,
Ring the bells, ring the bells,
This is the glad Christmas Day.
Come meet us, and greet us
With love on this glad Christmas Day.

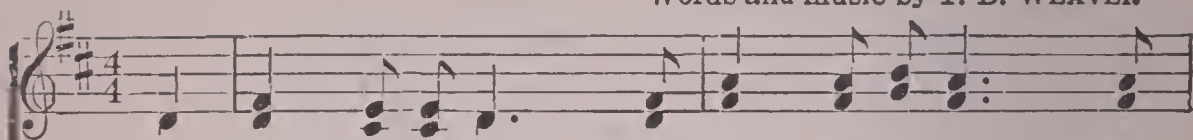
With labor some hands may be aching—
Oh, banish all care for a day.
With sorrow some hearts may be breaking;
Then how shall the spirit be gay?

Chorus:


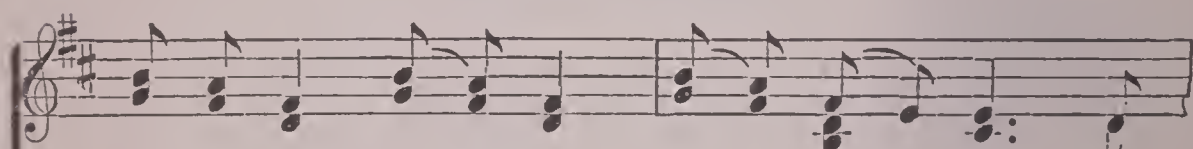
Ring the bells, ring the bells,
Ring the bells, ring the bells,
This is the glad Christmas Day.
Christ meets us, and greets us
With love on this glad Christmas Day.

WHEN SANTA CLAUS COMES


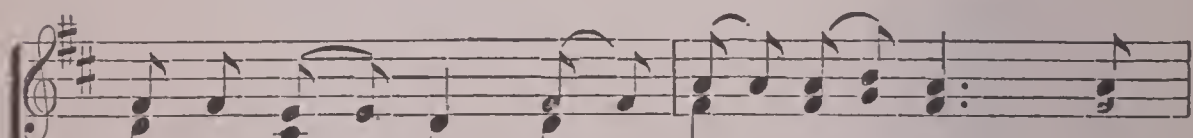
Words and music by T. B. WEAVER



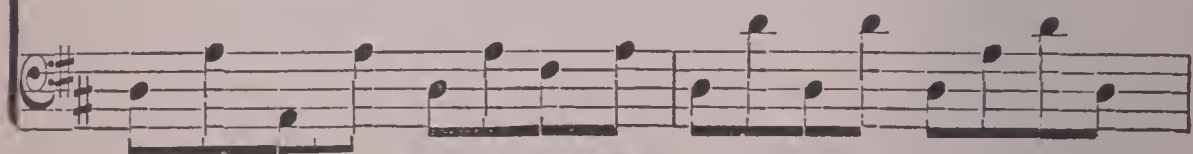
1. A good time is near; We wish it were here— The
 2. We'll all say good-by, And no one will sigh, But
 3. In row aft - er row, Some high and some low, Our
 4. We'll work hard to-day, And not think of play; We'll

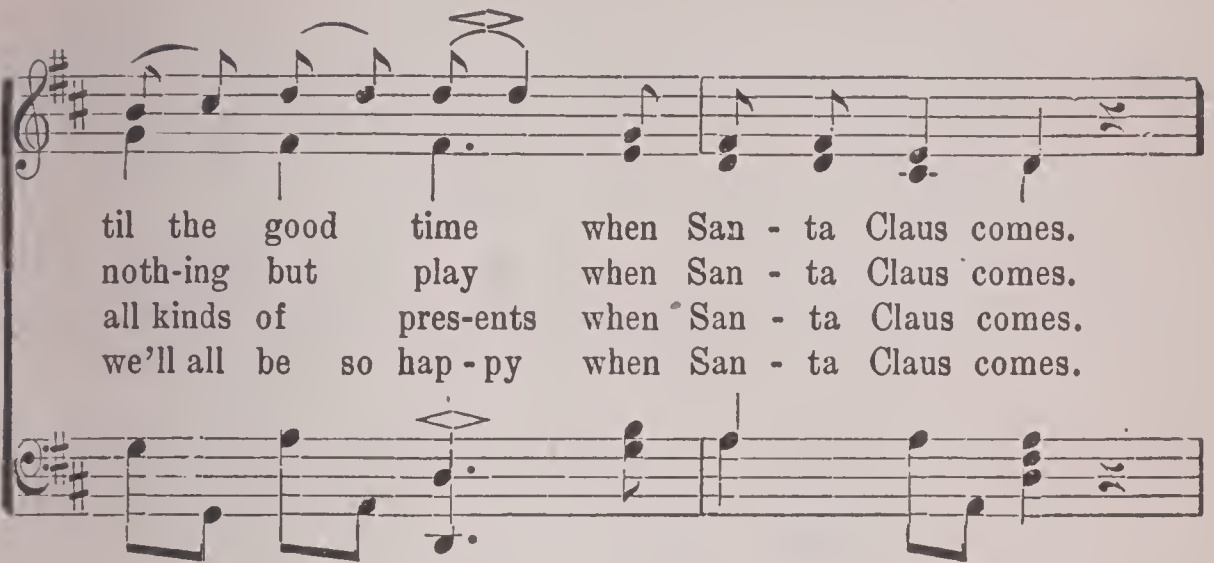
ver - y best time of all the year; We
 leave with a smile and twink - ling eye; We'll
 stockings we'll hang as chil - dren know For
 feel all the hap - pi - er, jol - ly and gay; We'll

count the days on our fin - gers and thumbs Un-
 have no spell - ing, no writ - ing, no sums; Do
 lots of toys and ma - ny sug - ar plums, And
 not mind the cold, tho' our fin - gers it numbs, For

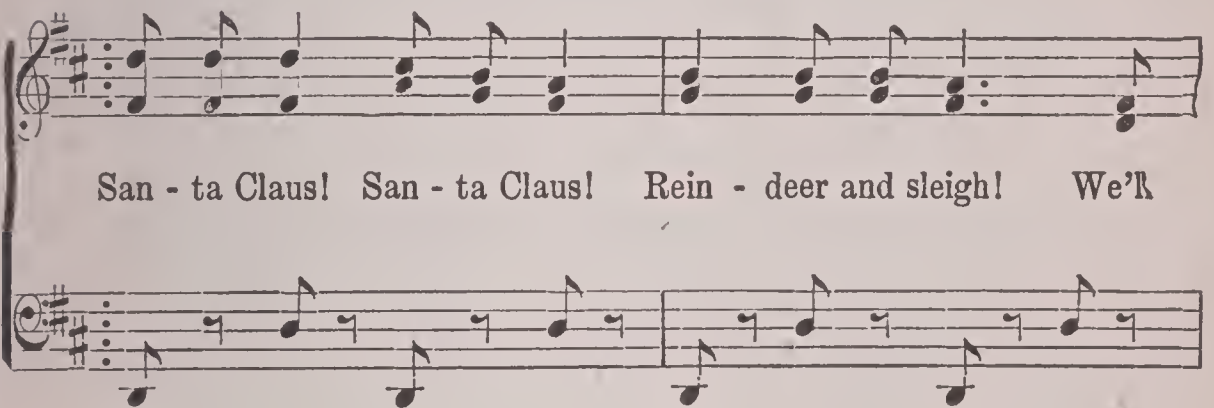


When Santa Claus Comes—Concluded

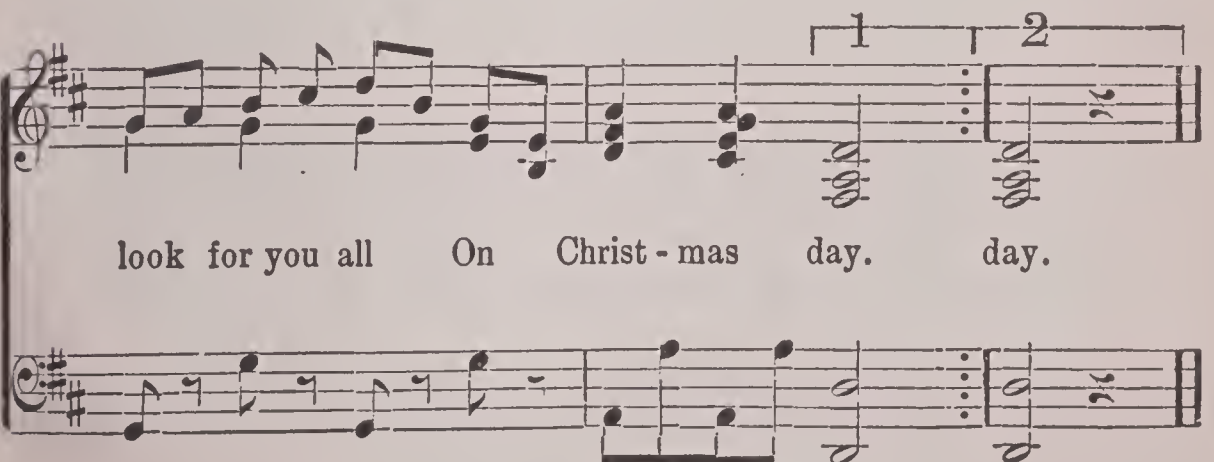


til the good time when San - ta Claus comes.
noth-ing but play when San - ta Claus comes.
all kinds of pres-ents when San - ta Claus comes.
we'll all be so hap - py when San - ta Claus comes.

CHORUS



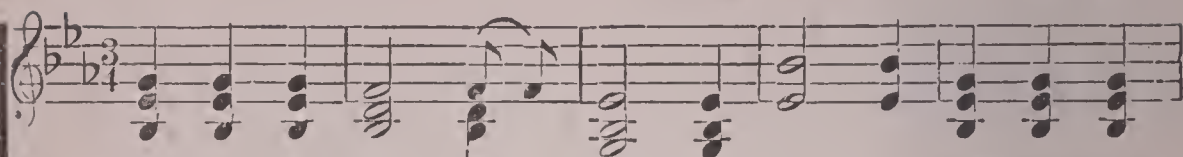
San - ta Claus! San - ta Claus! Rein - deer and sleigh! We'll



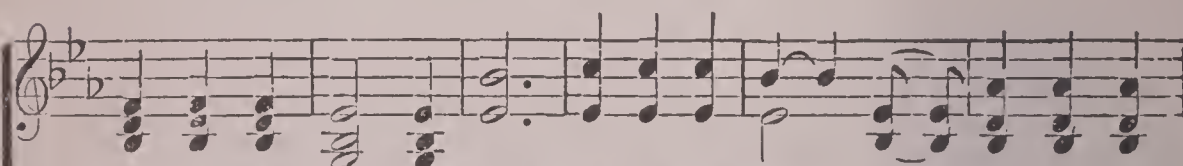
look for you all On Christ - mas day. day.

THE HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS DAY.

Words and music by T. B. WEAVER



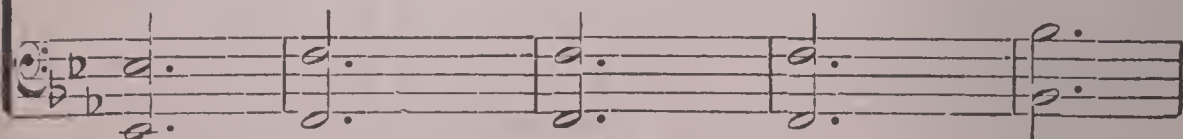
1. What can the chil - dren do or say, To make this the
2. What can they do tho' poor they be, To help the kind
3. What can they say at - Christ - mas time, To add to the
4. What can they give to your Lord and mine, To show they are



hap - pi - est Christ-mas day? How can they add to its mirth and its
hand of sweet char - i - ty? How can they brighten the homes that are
Christ-mas bells' sweet chime? How can they join in that first Christmas
glad for His love di-vine? What can they bring, like the wise men of

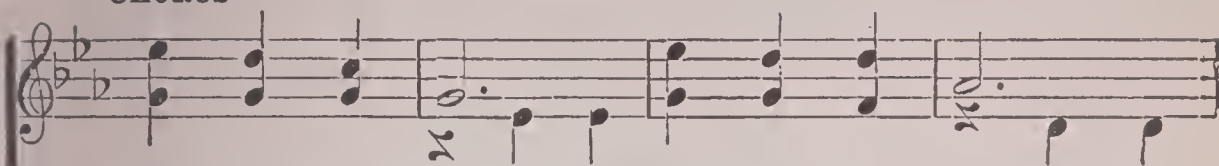


cheer, To make it the ver - y best time of the year?
drear, And bring to the lone - ly ones some Christmas cheer?
song As sung to the shep-herds by heav-en's glad throng?
old, To hon - or the Christ-Child far bet - ter than gold?



The Happiest Christmas Day—Concluded

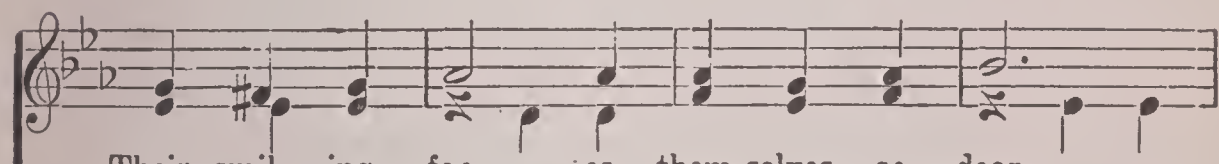
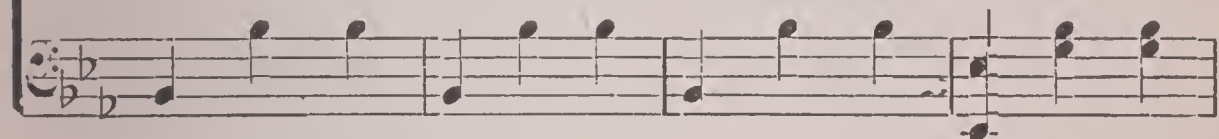
CHORUS



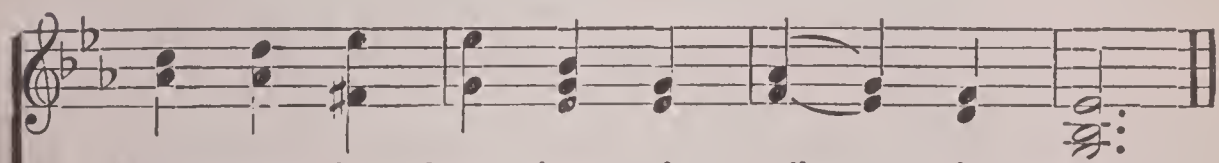
Their car - ols sweet, their kind - ly ways;



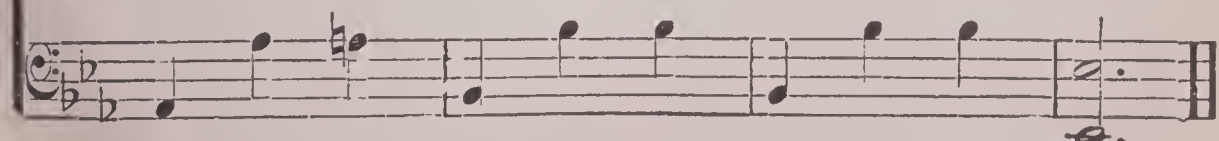
Their words of cheer, their songs of praise;



Their smil - ing fac - es, them-selves so dear,



Make this the best time of all the year.



MERRY CHRISTMAS

THOS. B. WEAVER

Tune: GREENVILLE

MERRY Christmas; merry Christmas;
Let the happy children sing;
Merry Christmas; merry Christmas;
And their gifts of Christmas bring;
Merry Christmas; merry Christmas;
To the Christ-Child, Lord and King.

Merry Christmas; merry Christmas;
Shout the children this glad day;
Merry Christmas; merry Christmas;
If at work, or if at play;
Merry Christmas; merry Christmas;
Children's voices sweetly say.

Merry Christmas; merry Christmas;
Words of greeting, love and cheer;
Merry Christmas; merry Christmas;
'Tis the best time of the year;
Merry Christmas; merry Christmas;
Send the message far and near.

Merry Christmas; merry Christmas;
Silver bells ring out with glee;
Merry Christmas; merry Christmas;
Rich and full for you and me;
Merry Christmas; merry Christmas;
'Round the pretty Christmas tree.

Facts Regarding Christmas



OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMASES

THE court celebrations of Christmas were observed with great splendor during the reign of King Charles the First. The royal family, with the lords and ladies, often took part themselves in the performances, and the cost to prepare costumes and sceneries for one occasion often amounted to ten thousand dollars. During Charles's reign, and preceding his, Ben Jonson wrote the plays, or masques, for Christmas. The court doings were, of course, copied outside by the people, and up to the twelfth night after Christmas, sports and feastings held high carnival.

So important were these Christmas court celebrations held by our ancestors, and of such moment were the preparations, that a special officer was appointed to take them in charge. To him were accorded large privileges, very considerable appointments, and a retinue equal to a prince's, counting in a chancellor, treasurer, comptroller, vice-chamberlain, divine, philosopher, astronomer, poet, physician, master of requests, clown, civilian, ushers, pages, footmen, messengers, jugglers, herald, orator, hunters, tumblers, friar, and fools. Over this mock court the mock monarch presided during the holidays with a reign as absolute as the actual monarch.

CHRISTMAS QUESTIONS ANSWERED

What Do Candles on Christmas Trees Mean?

LIGHTED candles were a feature of the ancient Jewish Feast of the Dedication or Feast of Lights. This was held about Christmas, and it is likely that lights were twinkling in every Jewish house in Bethlehem and Nazareth at the

time of the birth of Christ. This custom was probably merged into the Christian celebration of Christmas. Other authorities claim that the candles are a survival of the huge Yule candle used as a sign of the light that came into the world as prophesied by John the Baptist.

How and Where Did the Popular Notion Originate That Santa Claus Comes Down the Chimney?

IN GERMANY. It was formerly the custom to have some one impersonate Santa Claus and distribute gifts to the children in person. Gradually this custom died out, and the presents were left for them, generally at the hearthstone. As the giver was no longer seen by the children some explanation was necessary, and the little ones were told that Santa Claus came down the chimney, left their presents, and departed the same way. Undoubtedly the poem, "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," published in the United States in the early days of the nineteenth century, spread the myth in English-speaking countries.

Does Holly Grow All Over the World? Why Is It Used at Christmas?

HOLLY grows in practically every country in the world, as there are more than one hundred and fifty varieties, so that some flourish in every climate. The custom of using holly at the winter festival is of great antiquity, and it is believed to have come from the ancient pagan festivals. It was used at Christmas by the early Christians. According to tradition holly is the bush in which Jehovah appeared to Moses.

When and How Did Christmas Cards Originate?

THE Christmas cards seem to be an outgrowth of the "Christmas pieces" which were popular from about 1800 to 1850. The first real cards appear to have been printed in London in 1846 by a Joseph Cundall, who admits, however, that the idea was not his own, but Sir Henry Cole's. The custom did not become popular until about 1862.

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